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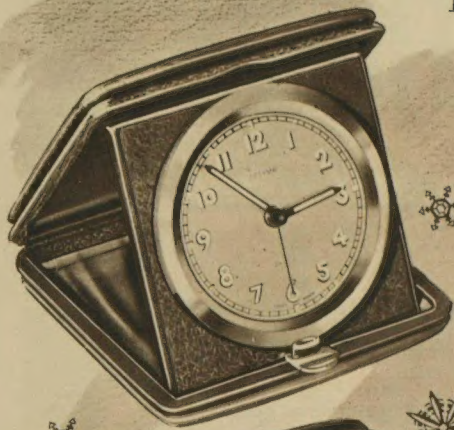
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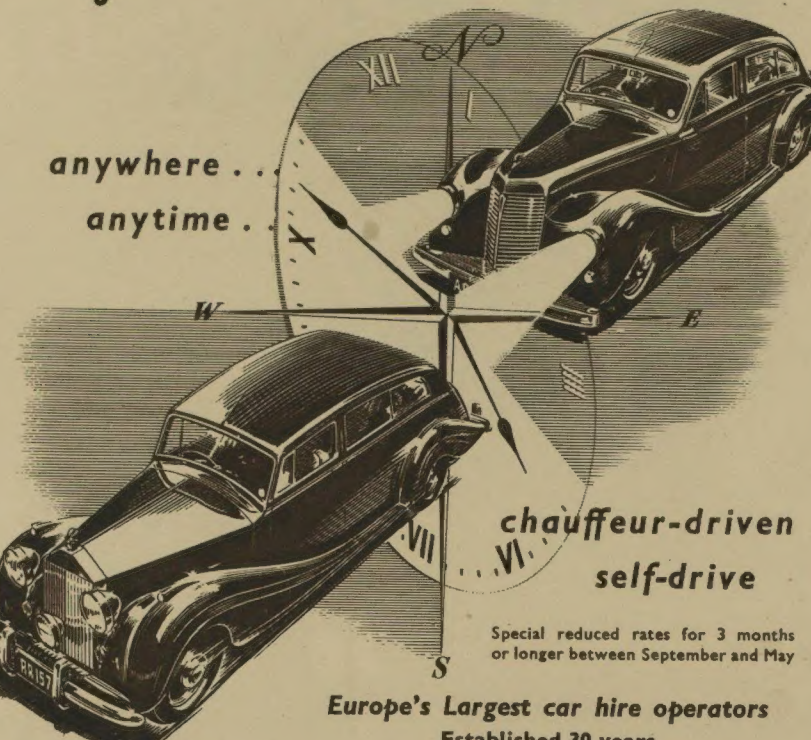
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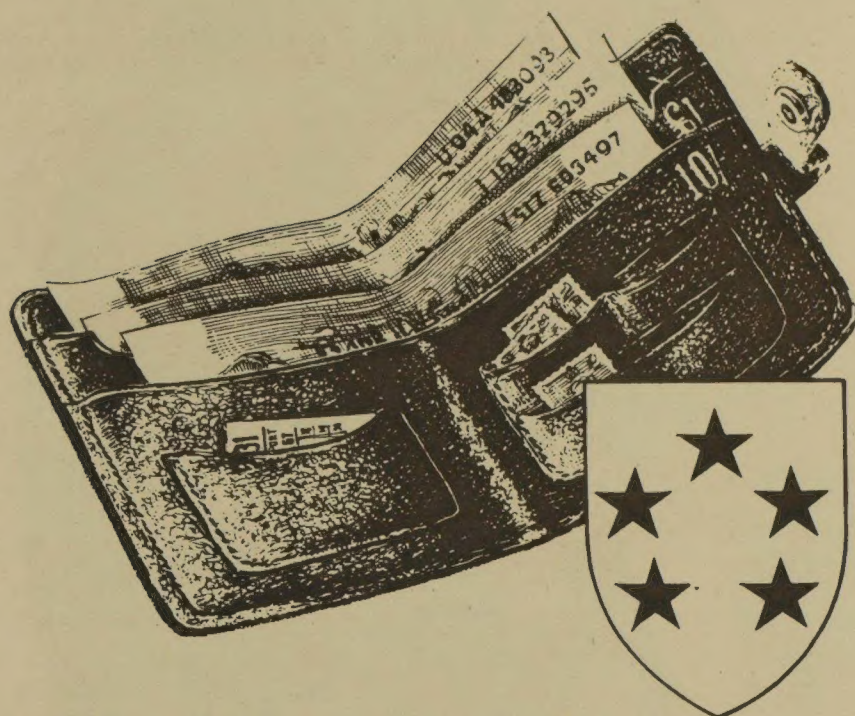


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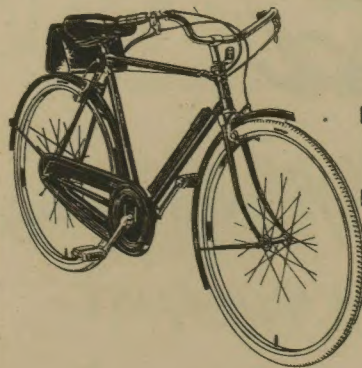
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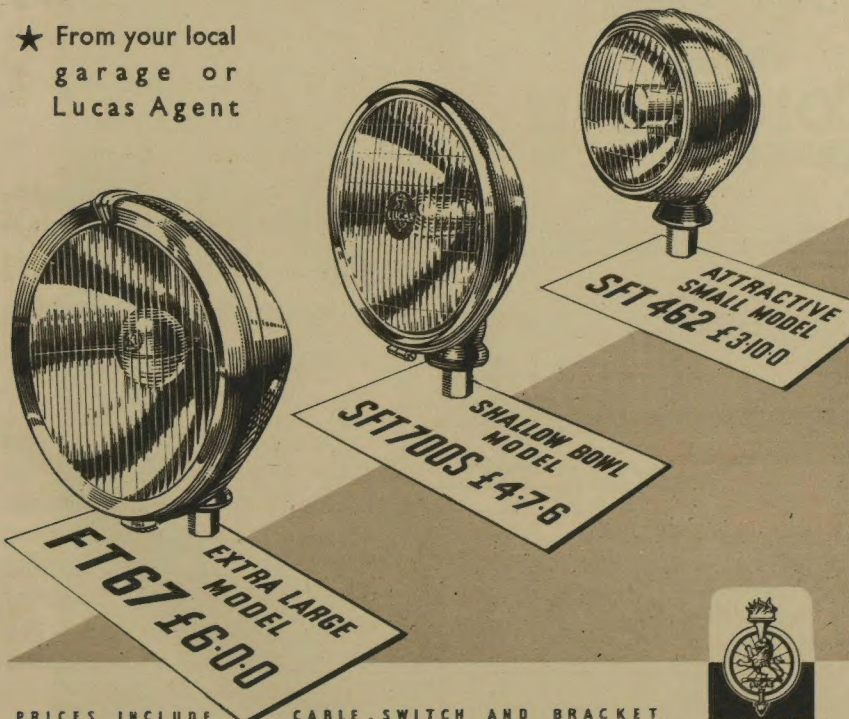
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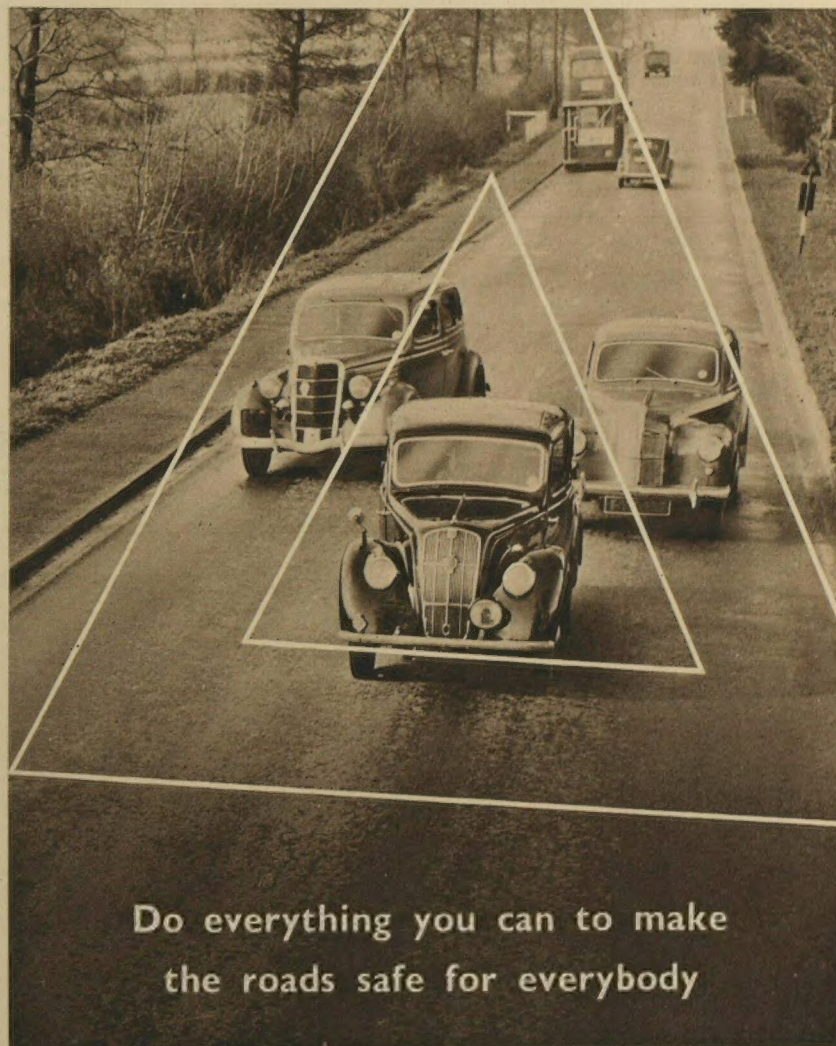
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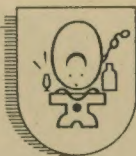
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1951.



THE FIRST STEPS IN THE INTEGRATION OF WESTERN GERMANY INTO THE NORTH ATLANTIC COMMUNITY: THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE U.S.A., WESTERN GERMANY, FRANCE AND GREAT BRITAIN (L. TO R. RESPECTIVELY, MR. ACHESON, DR. ADENAUER, M. SCHUMAN, AND MR. EDEN) DURING THE PARIS TALKS.

The talks on the future status of Germany between the Foreign Ministers of Great Britain, France and the United States (Mr. Eden, M. Schuman and Mr. Dean Acheson) began at Paris on November 21, and on the afternoon of the following day were joined by Dr. Adenauer, the Chancellor of the Federal Republic of Western Germany, and a draft of a general agreement was approved. In the joint statement, which was published at the time it was stated that agreement had been reached on the main principles of their future relationship and that this agreement would be "a decisive step towards the realisation of the common aim of the three Western Powers and the Federal Government to integrate the Federal

Republic on a basis of equality in a European community, itself included in a developing Atlantic community. The three Powers would retain only such special rights as could not now be renounced because of the special international situation of Germany and which it was in the common interest of the four States to retain." The four Ministers reaffirmed that the common policy of their Governments was a peace settlement for the whole of Germany and spoke of the desirability of German unity and of the need to investigate the possibility of holding free elections simultaneously in the Federal Republic, Berlin and the Soviet Zone of Germany. The statement has had a mixed reception in Germany itself.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IN a letter to the Press the other day a Labour Member of Parliament announced his belief that neither the Conservative Government nor any other future Government would be able to fulfil the hopes of a freer and more prosperous Britain than Conservatives, while in opposition, had declared to be within the country's reach if it were only governed on the right principles. In criticising this melancholy belief I am not concerned with the question of whether the remedies proposed by the Conservatives in opposition were calculated to produce the hoped-for result. I am merely concerned with the philosophy of those, whether Socialist or Conservative, who believe that any expansion of material well-being for the people of Britain is now impossible. For their train of thought—a perfectly sincere one, as I recognise—is founded, in my view, on a profound fallacy. It is, of course, more than possible that everything that this gloomy erstwhile apostle of progress predicts will come to pass: that Britain, with her vast population, one she is at present unable to feed from her own farms and fields, will grow steadily hungrier and poorer, as one after another of her foreign markets and her foreign sources of supply dries up and becomes closed to her. If those who are elected to govern us do so in such a spirit, a course of growing calamity is certain. We shall become weak and poor and hungry, and we shall become these things because we deserve to. Those who are defeated in this world of conflicting weaknesses have usually defeated themselves before battle is joined.

At the root of the restrictionist philosophy of economics that animates this worthy Member of Parliament—and it is possibly to be found, on both sides of the gangway—lies a fatal confusion. It springs from an incapacity to distinguish between real wealth and its mercantile symbol—always an incomplete and inadequate one—money. The Socialist who announces that, on the financial figures now facing Britain, perpetual poverty for its people is inescapable, is in exactly the same mental condition as those representatives of orthodox finance who, before the war, with our soil under-cultivated, our machines only half-employed and vast masses of our people out of work while in desperate need of the very goods and services their own labour might have produced, argued that we could not afford to rebuild the slums or to arm against the threat of aggression. It is the same attitude, too, as that of the Liverpool Tories of 130 years ago who saw, and could only see, in their reading of contemporary statistics the same narrowing vista of inescapable poverty for their countrymen. The leadership of men so blinkered can be the greatest of all political disasters. If allowed to continue, it produces almost every calamity known to man.

For a statesman's first business, because his most important, is to foresee the future. Unless he can do this he cannot set his countrymen a true course. And the money-measure, however useful for calculating a nation's present wealth, cannot gauge its future wealth. It is not a measure of human capacity, but only of present possession. It can merely express, accurately or inaccurately, what is in the till at the moment. It counts; but it does not, and cannot, fulfil the functions of the prophet and seer. The statesman, therefore, who views accountancy as the sole index of his country's economic capacity, precludes himself from foreseeing and, therefore, guiding her future into forms less restricted than her present. Thus, the men of 1819 were so impressed with the size and burden of the National Debt as expressed in terms of money that they were incapable of visualising a state of affairs—one which during the Victorian period came to pass—when the real wealth of the nation should have grown so enormously that, by comparison with it, the debt of the Napoleonic Wars, expressed in the unalterable and static terms of money, had become a comparative trifle. And by their inability to conceive of the vast and beneficial change that the energies of the nation, if and when unloosed,

could effect, they postponed for many needless years the time of that change. They fixed on a people of almost unmeasurable energy, resilience and courage, a strait-jacket of deflationary taxation and monetary policy that kept millions in grinding poverty for long, tragic years and entailed on posterity social evils and bitter, dividing animosities from which this nation is still suffering. They did so without the slightest consciousness of the folly, and crime, they were perpetrating, as upright men sincerely following the rules of an arithmetical science which they vainly supposed could be made a substitute for judgment, conscience and faith. Wearing

the trappings and talking the language of leaders, they performed the functions of jailers. Failing to descry the promised land because the glass through which they looked reflected nothing but the sands of the immediate wilderness about them, they shaped policy as though the national lot was to remain in the wilderness for ever.

So at the present time a restrictionist or deflationary policy, whether Socialist or Conservative, could have results as dire, and possibly far more dire, as those that produced the hungry 'thirties and 'forties of the nineteenth century. They could keep this nation, by denying it any means of escape, in the pit of scarcity into which two ruinous wars and a mistaken agricultural and colonial policy in the past have led it. For the means of escape, as they always are to men of resolution, faith and courage, are at hand. There is no material depression, however great, from which a nation, if united, inspired and bravely led, cannot climb. And Britain, as her record in 1914 and 1940 shows, is still a very great nation. It is absurd to suppose that the people who only a decade ago challenged and overcame the might of the armed Axis are now doomed for all eternity to be paupers and slaves. Thanks to the courage, endurance and foresight of our fore-fathers, the road to our salvation is still open. Beyond the seas that lap our shores, linked to us by the great vessels of transportation, marine and aerial, that the vision and ingenuity of our scientists, engineers and craftsmen have created, lie the underpopulated, undeveloped lands of promise that are the lifeline of the British future. What we have to

do is first to make up our minds as a nation that, on economic, strategic and social grounds alike, this country is at present wastefully and dangerously overpopulated in relation to its size, vulnerability and productive capacity (particularly of food), and that Australia, Canada, New Zealand and the Rhodesias—as they themselves have come to realise during the past decade—are still wastefully and dangerously underpopulated. Secondly, having reached that conclusion—one that Froude and Seeley, Ruskin and Cecil Rhodes reached under far less pressing and threatening circumstances more than a century ago—we have to ensure that what is physically possible is not, as so often in the past, abandoned because men whose vision is bounded solely by this year's balance-sheet adjudge that it is not financially possible. What is physically possible can always be made financially possible, and, if it is also morally and nationally both necessary and possible, it

not only can be made so but must. It is here that so much of the present political controversy about inflation and deflation is misleading. Because the late Government in certain respects "pursued" inflationary measures—though in others a more restrictionist Administration can seldom have existed—it does not follow that all our national problems can now be solved by a rule-of-thumb deflation. The trouble with the late Government was that it applied inflationary methods of credit mainly to activities of a non-productive kind which, instead of increasing national wealth, left it static or even diminished it in relation to the amount of purchasing power in circulation. What we need to do, if we are to recover freedom and livelihood, is to make the incentive of money available in every place where it can quicken the production of national wealth.

NOTABLE EXHIBITS AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS.



"THE HON. LADY LOWSON"; BY JAMES GUNN, R.P.



"THE RT. HON. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, O.M., C.H., M.P., ELDER BROTHER OF TRINITY HOUSE, 1913"; BY SIR OSWALD BIRLEY, R.P. (VICE-PRESIDENT).



"GENERAL OF THE ARMY DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER"; BY SIR OSWALD BIRLEY, R.P. (VICE-PRESIDENT), ONE OF THE FIVE PORTRAITS WHICH HE IS EXHIBITING.

The Fifty-Eighth Annual Exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters opened to the public on November 23 at the Royal Institute Galleries after a private view on November 22, and will continue until December 29. The 314 exhibits include portraits of their Majesties and of other members of the Royal family and of many distinguished persons. The Hon. Lady Lowson is the wife of Sir Denys Lowson, London's Festival year Lord Mayor. The President of the Society, Mr. Augustus John, is showing an outstanding portrait of Professor Mackay; and Sir Oswald Birley, the Vice-President, is represented by five portraits, those we reproduce, and paintings of Mr. W. S. Morrison, the new Speaker, Mr. A. J. Waley and the Countess of Haddington.

A FRENCH VICTORY IN INDO-CHINA.



HELD UP NEAR DONG-BEN WHILE ENGINEERS REPAIRED THE IMPORTANT ROAD INTO HOAH BIN: FRENCH TANKS OF THE 1ST MOTORISED CAVALRY BATTALION.



CROSSING A BRIDGE LEFT STANDING BY THE VIET-MINH TROOPS IN THEIR RAPID RETREAT: FRENCH PARATROOPERS CLOSING IN ON THE TOWN OF CHO-BEN.



A FRENCH AND VIET-NAM VICTORY IN INDO-CHINA: THE ATTACK ON CHO-BEN; SHOWING A FRENCH OFFICER OBSERVING THE FIRE OF HIS TANKS.

On November 10 French and Viet-Nam troops launched a surprise attack with the co-operation of parachute units and with powerful air support in the Cho-ben area, some thirty miles south-west of Hanoi, with the object of closing a gap in the ridge bordering the Red River delta in the west through which Viet-Minh troops and supplies have passed into the delta. The town of Cho-ben was captured in the first twenty-four hours and the Viet-Minh troops retreated in haste, offering but slight resistance to the attacking troops. During the operations engineers repaired thirty miles of badly damaged road and enabled French tanks to go into action wherever pockets of the enemy held up the advance. Besides depriving the Communist Viet-Minh forces of forty square miles of paddy fields, which intensifies the economic blockade, the French and Viet-Nam now command a view of an important Viet-Minh line of communications.

DR. MOUSSADEK'S RECEPTION IN CAIRO.

Dr. Moussadek, the Persian Prime Minister, arrived in Cairo from the United States *en route* for Persia on November 20. A vast crowd, determined to give the victor in the Anglo-Iranian oil dispute a warm welcome, assembled at the airport and lined the streets to the Abdin Palace, to which he drove to sign the Royal register. On arrival at Shepherds Hotel, Dr. Moussadek was protected from the crowd by a bodyguard of Egyptian police, but when he had entered the building the double police cordon was broken and enthusiastic Egyptians entered the hotel lounge. Nahas Pasha, the Egyptian Prime Minister, and Farag Pasha, the acting Foreign Minister, called on him at the hotel and the two Prime Ministers appeared on a balcony together to acknowledge the cheers of the crowd below. Dr. Moussadek then retired temporarily to bed and rested before being received by King Farouk. In the evening he was the guest of honour at a dinner given by Nahas Pasha. He arrived in Teheran on November 23 and drove to the Palace to report to the Shah. In an interview, Mr. Fatemi, the Prime Minister's personal assistant, stated that the Americans had done their best to find a solution and but for the advent of Mr. Churchill the dispute would have been completely settled before now.



LEAVING THE ABDIN PALACE AFTER SIGNING THE ROYAL REGISTER: DR. MOUSSADEK, PRIME MINISTER OF PERSIA, SALUTING THE WAITING CROWDS WHEN ENTERING HIS CAR.



ESCORTED INTO SHEPHERDS HOTEL BY EGYPTIAN POLICE: DR. MOUSSADEK MOBBED BY A VAST CROWD IN RECOGNITION OF HIS SUCCESS IN THE ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL DISPUTE.



PROSTRATE ON HIS BED IN SHEPHERDS HOTEL: DR. MOUSSADEK, OVERCOME BY HIS RECEPTION, TALKING TO NAHAS PASHA, THE EGYPTIAN PRIME MINISTER.



WITH RESCUE CRAFT NAVIGATING THE FLOODED AREA: AN AIR VIEW OF THE CITY OF ADRIA, NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE PO, WHICH HAD TO BE COMPLETELY EVACUATED.

IN our issue of November 24 we published photographs of flood disasters in Northern Italy and Switzerland which began following heavy falls of rain, on November 8, and noted that by November 14 the river Po had risen 10 ins. above the highest level recorded for a century, and on the following day burst its banks, bringing about an extremely serious situation. The waters spread over thousands of acres, and mass evacuations of villages in the delta of the Po had to be undertaken.

(Continued opposite.)

(RIGHT) SWIFT ALONG IN THE WATERS OF THE FLOOD IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF ADRIA, FROM WHICH SOME 10,000 PEOPLE HAD BEEN EVACUATED BY NOVEMBER 20: UNFORTUNATELY DROWNING CATTLE.



(Continued.) The Allied Commander in Trieste at once offered to send Allied troops to help with the rescue work, and the suggestion was gratefully accepted. By November 18 the inhabitants of Rovigo, a town with a population of over 40,000, were instructed to leave. Special trains were put on, but many attempted to escape by foot on the only road still open in the direction of Padua. By then the town of Adria was surrounded, and many people had taken refuge on the higher ground, while thousands in neighbouring villages were isolated and many peasants had been driven to seek safety on the roofs of their farms. Firemen, soldiers and civilians

(Continued below.)



SHOWING THE EXTENT OF THE FLOOD WHICH RENDERED THE COMPLETE EVACUATION OF THE TOWN A NECESSITY: ADRIA FROM THE AIR. THE WING-TIP OF A RESCUE AIRCRAFT IS VISIBLE ON RIGHT.



A STOLIC TRAGIC FIGURE GAZING AT THE WASTE OF WATER COVERING HER HOME: AN ITALIAN WOMAN AT ROVIGO, WHICH WAS COMPLETELY INUNDED BY NOVEMBER 19.



SEEKING DRY LAND AND SHELTER FROM THE TERRIBLE INUNDATIONS: A TRIO OF PEASANTS WADING ANKLE-DEEP IN WATER IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF ROVIGO.



THE WORK OF MERCY IN WHICH BRITISH JOINED WITH ITALIAN TROOPS: REFUGEES BEING ASSISTED TO SAFETY BY MEANS OF TEMPORARY BRIDGES PUT UP BY THE SOLDIERS.



A PITIFUL SIGHT, TYPICAL OF SCENES THROUGHOUT THE FLOODED AREAS OF THE DELTA OF THE RIVER PO: A REFUGEE BEING PUNTED TO SAFETY ON A MAKESHIFT RAFT IN ADRIA.



DROPPING FOOD AND SUPPLIES TO FLOOD-ISOLATED ADRIA ON NOVEMBER 19. AIRCRAFT OF THE R.A.F. AND U.S.A.F. ASSISTED THE ITALIAN RELIEF SCHEME AND HELICOPTERS WERE ALSO USED.



RESCUE WORK IN ADRIA: A FAMILY LEAVING THEIR HOUSE BY THE UPPER WINDOWS TO ESCAPE IN A BOAT MANNED BY FIREMEN FROM ALESSANDRIA.

(Continued.) The work of rescue, using craft of many kinds, including some from Venice, while helicopters from the U.S.A.F. also rendered assistance; and food was dropped by aircraft of the R.A.F., who joined with the Italian relief organisations. By November 21, it was stated that 6500 persons had been rescued by a mixed fleet of 100 vessels,



ESCAPE FROM THE INUNDATION BY AMPHIBIOUS CRAFT: INHABITANTS OF ADRIA BEING EVACUATED. THE TOPS OF THE TREES ARE JUST VISIBLE ABOVE THE WATER.

which included fourteen amphibious landing craft. On November 21 Royal Engineers were at work on the task of restoring railway communications between Rovigo and Adria. Our photographs give some idea of the heartrending scenes in the flood area, which extended over more than 150,000 acres. Relief funds are being raised.



FOOD SUPPLIES BEING BROUGHT BY WATER: CAMP-BAKED BREAD WAS DELIVERED TO FLOOD REFUGEES CONCENTRATED AT VARIOUS POINTS IN THE DELTA OF THE PO.

SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.



BEING INTERVIEWED IN CASABLANCA: SURVIVORS OF THE WRECKED KANGAROO, IN WHICH SIX PEOPLE LOST THEIR LIVES. (L. TO R.) FRANZ KROTI; WILLY GEHRING AND WALTER PRAXMARER.

When the 104-ton auxiliary schooner *Kangaroo* sank in a storm off the Moroccan coast between Safi and Mazagan on November 6, six people lost their lives, including Mr. Freddy McEvoy, a wealthy Australian sportsman, and his French-born wife, her French maid, a French sailor and a Spanish sailor. Three members of the crew, Franz Kroti, Willy Gehring and Walter Praxmarer, are reported to be wanted by the Austrian police.

(Continued centre.)



DROWNED WHEN THE KANGAROO SANK IN A STORM: MR. F. MCEVOY, FORMER OLYMPIC BOBSLEIGH CHAMPION, AND HIS WIFE.

(Continued.) Walter Praxmarer managed to reach the shore, despite the heavy seas. Reports that Mr. McEvoy and his wife had met with foul play before their yacht sank were denied by the authorities at Casablanca on November 13. It was stated that a post-mortem had shown that both died from drowning. One of the survivors, Walter Praxmarer, is reported to be wanted by the Austrian police.



LORD JUSTICE COHEN.

Appointed a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, in succession to Lord Simonds who is now Lord Chancellor, and granted the dignity of a baron for life, Lord Justice Cohen, who is sixty-three, has been a Lord Justice of Appeal since 1946. He is Chairman of the Royal Commission on Income Tax. He served in the Ministry of Economic Warfare, 1939-43.



A NEW JUDGE AND LORD JUSTICE OF APPEAL: MR. JUSTICE UPJOHN AND LORD JUSTICE ROMER (RIGHT). Mr. G. R. Upjohn, K.C., and Mr. Justice Romer were sworn in on November 19 as a Judge of the High Court and a Lord Justice of Appeal respectively. Mr. Justice Upjohn was called to the Bar in 1929, and took silk in 1943. He served with the Welsh Guards in the war, and became Vice-President Allied Control Commission, 1944. Lord Justice Romer became a Justice of the High Court in 1944.



SIGNOR FRANCO CAPUANA.

The principal conductor at La Scala, Milan, Signor Capuana, is acting as guest conductor at Covent Garden this season for "Rigoletto," "La Tosca," "La Bohème" and "Il Trovatore." Born in 1896, he studied in Naples and obtained his teacher's diploma in 1915. He appeared for the first time at La Scala, Milan, in 1937.



THE MAYOR OF COVENTRY ENTERTAINS THE DEPUTY MAYOR OF STALINGRAD: COUNCILLOR HARRY WESTON WITH MRS. TATYANA MURASHKINA IN THE MAYOR'S PARLOUR ON NOVEMBER 21. The Deputy Mayor of Stalingrad, Mrs. Tatyana Murashkina, began a two-day visit to Coventry on November 21, at the invitation of the Coventry-Stalingrad Bond of Friendship Committee. She stayed in a Council flat, and visited a school, a children's home and other institutions, and a car factory, and inspected works of reconstruction in Coventry's centre and saw the Cathedral ruins.



ARRIVING AT KUALA LUMPUR TO TAKE UP HIS APPOINTMENT AS DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS IN MALAYA: GENERAL SIR ROB LOCKHART (LEFT). General Sir Rob Lockhart arrived in Kuala Lumpur by air from Singapore on November 12, to take over the appointment of Director of Operations in Malaya. He at once began conferences on the anti-bandit campaign. Our photograph shows him with Mr. D. C. Watherston, the Acting Chief Secretary, who was among those waiting at the airport to greet him.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



A STAGE "CHARLES DICKENS" WITH DESCENDANTS OF CHARLES DICKENS: MR. EMLYN WILLIAMS, MR. HENRY CHARLES DICKENS AND MISS MONICA DICKENS, AUTHOR OF "ONE PAIR OF HANDS," ETC.

Mr. Emlyn Williams, who is appearing at the Criterion as Charles Dickens, received Mr. Henry Charles Dickens, grandson of the famous novelist, and Miss Monica Dickens, his great-granddaughter, herself a successful author, in his dressing room on November 21. Miss Monica Dickens's marriage to Commander R. O. Stratton, U.S.N., is fixed for December 8.



SUB-OFFICER G. CAMPBELL HENDERSON.

Posthumously awarded the George Cross. A member of the Gibraltar Dockyard Fire Service, he was in charge of the first fire appliance sent to fight an ammunition fire in a lighter alongside the naval armament vessel *Bedenham*. Single-handed he directed a jet of water into the lighter from the *Bedenham* and was killed when the ammunition blew up.



ON ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND ON NOVEMBER 21:

MR. R. G. CASEY AND MRS. CASEY.

Mr. R. G. Casey, Australian Minister for External Affairs, arrived at London Airport with Mrs. Casey on November 21, from Paris, for talks with the Premier and Lord Ismay, Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations. He had just made a tour of the Far and Middle East. He arranged to address the Commonwealth and Parliamentary Association on Nov. 28 in the Association's rooms at Westminster Hall.



HR. OSCAR TORP.

Prime Minister of Norway in succession to Hr. Einar Gerhardsen, who retired recently at his own request. Hr. Torp, who is fifty-eight, has held several ministerial posts since 1935. He was Chairman of the Labour Party for seventeen years; and was wartime Minister of Defence in the Norwegian exile Government in London.



SIGNS OF GOOD WILL: MR. DEAN ACHESON (LEFT), THE U.S. FOREIGN SECRETARY, WITH (L. TO R.) MR. MALIK AND MR. VYSHINSKY AT A PARIS RECEPTION GIVEN BY PRESIDENT AURIOL.

President Auriol held a reception in Paris on Nov. 21 to United Nations delegates, at which the U.S. and the Soviet Union were able to "get together" in an atmosphere of complete cordiality. Our photograph shows Mr. Dean Acheson with Mr. Malik, the Soviet representative to U.N., and Mr. Vyshinsky, the Soviet Foreign Minister. Watching (r.) is Mr. Alexis Pavlov, Soviet Ambassador to France.



PURCHASED BY THE NATURE CONSERVANCY: PART OF THE NATURE RESERVE IN WESTER ROSS, WHICH IS THE FIRST LARGE NATIONALLY OWNED NATURE RESERVE IN BRITAIN.

The Nature Conservancy recently announced the purchase by private treaty of what is now the first large nationally owned nature reserve in Britain. It is to be called the Beinn Eighe Nature Reserve, from the mountain which dominates it, and it is situated at Kinlochewe, in Ross-shire.



ATTENDING THE ST. CECILIA'S DAY ROYAL CONCERT AT THE FESTIVAL HALL: H.M. THE QUEEN AND HER PARTY IN THE ROYAL BOX.

The Queen attended the St. Cecilia's Day Royal concert at the Festival Hall on November 22. It was in aid of the Musicians' Benevolent Fund and allied charities. The Queen was greeted by a fanfare played by the trumpeters of the Royal Military School of Music. The concert was given by the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, with the Liverpool Philharmonic Choir. During the interval the conductors, Hugo Rignold and Dr. Vaughan Williams, were presented to the Queen.



(LEFT.) RESPONSIBLE FOR THE PROPOSED MERGER OF MORRIS MOTORS, LTD., AND THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY, LTD.: LORD NUFFIELD (LEFT) AND MR. L. P. LORD.

Plans for a merger of Morris Motors, Ltd., and the Austin Motor Company, Ltd., were announced on November 23. It is proposed to form a holding company with an authorised capital of £5,000,000, and with Lord Nuffield as chairman and Mr. L. P. Lord as deputy-chairman and managing director.

(RIGHT.) EXAMINING A COPY OF "GULLIVER'S TRAVELS" AT AN EXHIBITION OF BRITISH BOOKS—*Le Livre Anglais*—IN PARIS: PRESIDENT AURIOL (LEFT) AND MR. T. S. ELIOT.

Mr. T. S. Eliot, O.M., opened an exhibition of British books in the Galerie Mazarine of the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, in the presence of the President of the Republic, on November 16. The exhibition is described as the finest of its kind ever to have been shown outside Britain.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: ROYAL AND POLITICAL OCCASIONS, AND RECENT DOMESTIC EVENTS.



THE OPENING OF THE ATLANTIC COUNCIL IN ROME: THE SCENE DURING THE FIRST SESSION, WHICH STARTED WITH AN ADDRESS BY SIGNOR DE GASPERI.

The Atlantic Council began its meetings in Rome on November 24 with a formal open session. The conference was held at the Foro Italico, the athletic centre by the Tiber, on the outskirts of Rome. At the opening session there were speeches by Signor De Gasperi, the Italian Prime Minister and Foreign Minister; Mr. Pearson, the Canadian Foreign Minister and present chairman of the Council; Hr. Kraft, the Danish Foreign Minister, and Mr. Anthony Eden, the British Foreign Minister.



INAUGURATING THE APPEAL FOR £210,000 TO RESTORE THE WAR-DAMAGED CHURCH OF ST. BRIDE, FLEET STREET: THE VERY REV. DR. A. C. DON.

At a service of dedication and renewal held in a marquee erected in the nave of the roofless and burnt-out Church of St. Bride, Fleet Street, the Very Rev. Dr. A. C. Don inaugurated on November 21 an appeal to restore this famous City church. In our issue of November 24, we showed some of the architect's designs for the restored church and views of it before it was bombed.



INSIGHT INTO A GREAT MASTER'S MIND.

"MICHELANGELO DRAWINGS"; By LUDWIG GOLDSCHIEDER.*

An Appreciation by FRANK DAVIS.

THIS is a Phaidon book, and two others devoted to Michelangelo have already appeared, one dealing with the paintings, the other with the sculptures. It is no adverse criticism of the previous two—and certainly none is intended—to say that in one respect the latest volume is more satisfactory than its predecessors, for a drawing is, by its nature, less likely to suffer from distortion in the process of reproduction. Moreover, it is possible to print many drawings very near their actual size, or exactly so, with the result that the reader has no need to enlarge the image in his mind's eye—the strokes of pen or chalk are before him as they came from the painter's hand.

Those few—'oor per cent. of the population?—who take a passionate interest in whether a particular drawing is actually by the master or by a follower, will find this sort of problem dealt with faithfully and with imagination, and will have numerous opportunities of arguing among themselves about the author's conclusions. For example, his conviction that neither of the two Michelangelesque paintings in the National Gallery, the "Entombment" and the "Madonna," is, in fact, by Michelangelo. These and similar doubts are discussed in a well-documented appendix, headed by a neat quotation from George Moore:

JONSON: So thou canst distinguish the false from the true?

LISTER: I can, or I think I can, which is nearly the same thing.

—which is a pleasant way of taking the reader into the author's confidence. Those of us who are not

publishers, who must often wonder to what extent their labours are appreciated beyond the narrow confines of the specialist.

While it is true that a full understanding of these drawings depends to a great extent upon an acquaintance with the paintings for which so many are preliminary studies, it is equally true that they can stand

200 scudi with the story that it had been recently excavated, as indeed it had been, for Michelangelo had buried it himself, or at least was privy to the deception. It is the classic example of the value attached to antiquity for antiquity's sake by the patron who fondly imagines he is devoted to art.

The author in making his selection has cast his net from Vienna to New York and has achieved a well-considered balance between early copies of, or rather, interpretations of, the drawings of Michelangelo's predecessors, such as Masaccio, preliminary studies for the David and the Sistine Chapel frescoes, others which have an independent existence such as the allegories which he presented to his friends, and the powerful religious compositions of his later years. They are revealing documents—they show a man (or so it seems to me) sad beyond the ordinary, driven onwards by a demoniac force of imagination, sometimes to the expression of strange, horrifying allegories, sometimes to the serene and pagan acceptance of the human body in all its beauty as the sure link between Earth and Heaven. I am bound to say that to many of us to-day the former, despite the author's careful explanations, seem either incomprehensible or slightly silly, whereas the latter are among the noblest visual images ever conceived by the mind of Western Europe. And who are you, says someone, to utter a high and mighty statement, a categorical *pronunciamento*, like that? Less than the dust, my good Sir—it's what I feel about them, though for the life of me I can't prove it. But the



"VENUS, MARS AND CUPID." BLACK CHALK. 14½ BY 9½ INS. FLORENCE, UFFIZI. C. 1522.

"This is the third of the drawings presented to Gherardo Perini. . . . Like the 'Furia' ('Damned Soul'), the drawing deals with the dark side of the realm of Venus, the 'sweet bitterness of love,' as Sappho puts it."

greatly exercised over these high matters or who are not prepared to submit to the rigorous mental discipline imposed by such studies, can without difficulty ignore the many problems of attribution which will be debated afresh as each generation propounds a new theory. What is left is a magnificent series of 200 reproductions with adequate notes—and what more can ordinary people demand? I often wonder whether the deference paid to great names in popular estimation is more than the parrot-phrase of the small boy who, ordered to write an essay on Nelson, sucked his thumb for half an hour and then wrote "Lord Nelson was a very great man." Basic English and going to the heart of the matter, I agree, but it hardly displays a close acquaintance with the Admiral's career, so I tried this book on someone whose knowledge of Michelangelo was exactly up to this standard. She—for it was a she—turned over the pages with delight and amazement, and finally decided that she would willingly exchange the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel for a sheet of paper on which were scribbled eight hasty drawings of babies. An extravagant judgment, but one which should please author and



"THE RISEN CHRIST." BLACK CHALK. 16 BY 10½ INS. LONDON, BRITISH MUSEUM.

"The drawing is unfinished. . . . Michelangelo made use of this figure in his composition of the 'Expulsion of the Money-changers.'"

by themselves—that even if all the paintings had been destroyed, the drawings alone would be sufficient to establish the stature of this moody, quarrelsome, self-tormented and ferocious genius who, at the age of thirteen, could derive no profit from his apprenticeship to Ghirlandaio, and who could—and did—forge drawings by his predecessors with such accuracy that they could not be distinguished from the originals. A few years later we hear of him forging antique sculptures with equal aplomb, the best-known of which was the Sleeping Cupid sold to a cardinal for



"HEAD STUDY FOR THE 'LEDA.'" RED CHALK. 14 BY 10½ INS. FLORENCE, CASA BUONARROTI.

The head is a study for the "Leda" cartoon. "The copy of the eye and nose, below on the left, is (as Brinckmann has pointed out) in a lighter coloured red chalk and is the work of an assistant—but not of Mini."

Illustrations reproduced from "Michelangelo Drawings"; by permission of the Publishers, The Phaidon Press.



"DAMNED SOUL" (A FURY). BLACK CHALK. 11½ BY 8 INS. FLORENCE, UFFIZI. C. 1522.

"This is the most important of the three sheets which Michelangelo, according to Vasari, presented to Gherardo Perini. . . . At the top the drawing bears the inscription, *Gherardo de Perinis* with the words *Michelan, Bonaroti Faciebat* below. Under this there are three intersected circles, Michelangelo's stonemason's mark. . . ."

interruption, though a trifle abrupt, is timely, because it makes me sit back and wonder just how far my, and your, admiration for the great gifts exemplified in these drawings is influenced by what we have been told of Michelangelo—or, indeed, of any other great artist—since we first became conscious that such a man existed. Is it really possible for us to look at them objectively; and if we could, and decided that, after all, the judgment of both his contemporaries and of every generation since had been wrong (I cannot think of anything more unlikely), should we have the courage to say so?—for a great name, sanctified by the praise of centuries, exercises a powerful magic.

One of the several virtues of a volume of this standard of careful scholarship is that it does provide a means by which we can go quietly over the artist's work over a very lengthy period, not as it appeared in its final form, but as his ideas took shape and were set down on paper. Go a step farther, forget that you have ever heard of either his paintings or his sculpture, forget all about his formidable reputation, and I still think you will decide that here is genius beyond compare.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 914 of this issue.

* "Michelangelo Drawings." By Ludwig Goldscheider. A Selection: 200 pages with 200 illustrations. (The Phaidon Press; 42s.)



THE THRILLING RESCUE BY HELICOPTER OF TWO AIRMEN FROM A CRASHED AIRCRAFT BEHIND THE ENEMY LINES IN KOREA :
A DRAWING FROM A SKETCH MADE BY A NAVAL OFFICER IN THE FAR EAST

During a strike of *Firefly* reconnaissance bombers from H.M.A.S. *Sydney*, north of the Han River, one aircraft was brought down sixty miles behind the enemy lines. The pilot, Sub-Lieutenant M. D. Macmillan, R.A.N., and Observer 1st Class J. Hancox were unhurt, but forced by enemy fire into a ditch. The remainder of the flight, aided by *Fury* fighters, made strafing runs over the spot; the parent ship was informed and an appeal sent to the U.S.A.F. shore-based rescue helicopter, while *Sydney's* own helicopter (on loan from the U.S.N.), made ready. Helicopters are unarmed, and the aircrew (Airman G. C. Gooding, U.S.N.) was quickly briefed on how to use an Australian Owen sub-machine gun. The distance of 100 miles and the slow speed of the helicopter made it hardly likely it could return in daylight, and helicopters do not, as a rule, operate in the dark. At 16.22 it set off, piloted by C.P.O. A. K. Babbitt, U.S.N. Communists had been held off the downed airmen by aircraft, and when the

Air Group Commander swooped to drop a message, his aircraft was hit. All *Sydney's* aircraft were recalled, save two *Furies* and two escorts for the shore-based helicopter, which, however, was ordered back to its control at 17.00 and was passed by *Sydney's* helicopter, which at 17.15 met the *Furies*, who had broken off to escort. At 17.33, three minutes after the previously indicated time, the helicopter approached the downed men at 4000 ft. As it came down the aircrew was ready with his Owen gun and the *Furies*, 18 minutes past their safety limit of time, sprayed the area with bullets. Protected by fire, Sub-Lieutenant Macmillan and his Observer crawled from the ditch, the machine came down and in a minute all were aboard. Airman G. C. Gooding put two enemy soldiers out of action, the helicopter shot up, and the return journey was safely accomplished. Our drawing was made by Harold W. Hailstone from a sketch by Lt.-Cdr. G. A. G. Brooke, D.S.C., R.N.

IN this December, the war in Korea will have lasted for eighteen months. On July 1, five months ago, the Communists agreed to meet the representatives of the United Nations to discuss armistice terms. The delegates have, in fact, since then been absent from the council table on account of disputes over a far larger proportion of this time than they have been sitting round it. Meanwhile the war has continued, at the cost of heavy loss of life and vast sums of money. The most favourable element in this gloomy affair is that the losses in these five months have been very much lower than they were before the negotiations began. The opposing commands, as though by unspoken agreement, have limited their offensive operations to attacks with objectives relatively close at hand, for the most part important hill features in this broken country. This has, in a sense, suited both sides. The Chinese had found by experience that they could not hope for success or for an advance lasting longer than three or four days with their then resources. The United Nations had, rightly or wrongly, decided that they would not again attempt to reach the Yalu, and that the political risk of doing so would outweigh any possible military advantage. They were also, it would appear, extremely doubtful about their ability to get there in any case.

I have said that this dreary war of limited objectives and of attrition to some extent suited both sides. I must add that it can suit the United Nations only if it leads to a settlement, which, at the time of writing, does not seem to be in the offing. The United Nations are not being notably reinforced, so that their prospects grow no brighter, in default of a settlement, as time goes on. From the Communist, and especially the Chinese, point of view, the situation is brighter. They have tied themselves by no such limitations as those which control the actions of the United Nations. They have not modified their often reiterated intention to drive their enemies off the Korean peninsula and even capture Formosa. Presumably they would do both on a renewal of hostilities if they possessed the power. And they have been heavily reinforced, if not in men—they have never been able to employ at once all the men at their disposal—in weapons and equipment. The artillery bombardments which they have put down in recent actions have been very much heavier than any experienced before the armistice negotiations began. Tanks, which had not appeared all this year except occasionally in twos and threes, are now known to be present in great strength. They are also of first-class quality.

It is, however, in the air that the change has been most marked. Before the negotiations started, the "Migs" had appeared in some strength. During the summer and autumn their numbers grew swiftly, and the aggressive spirit of the pilots expanded with them. Battles have taken place in which, according to our estimates, upwards of 200 of these Russian jet aircraft have appeared. The skill of the American pilots still appears predominant and, so far as can be judged from the rather vague and intermittent reports, the enemy's losses have been many times the greater. Yet instructed commentators have left no doubt in the minds of those who follow this war, that one of its most serious problems, perhaps the most serious of all, lies here. The losses in piston-actuated bombers, notably the once famous *Flying Fortresses*, have risen sharply. Should the Communists win air predominance, the United Nations would be in for a very ugly time indeed. Their air superiority has been a factor which has done so much to atone for the enemy's numerical superiority on land. It has also been invaluable in assisting the Allied Navies to maintain complete command of the sea. The Russians have treated their friends nobly, but this would not serve as evidence that they had plenty of aircraft to spare. It is, however, evidence that their friends are serving them well.

The Chinese and North Koreans might therefore find themselves in a position to take the offensive on a larger scale, with better prospects of success than at any time since General Ridgway assumed command of the Eighth Army at the beginning of this year and introduced new methods, should negotiations be completely broken off. I do not say that this would be the case, but the possibility exists. Even if they were incapable of doing so, or did not desire to, a continuation of the war on the present lines might be held to suit them better than the United Nations. It goes without saying that the war constitutes a strain upon China, but this is less severe than the strain imposed upon the United States. China is not threatened elsewhere; she is not standing on the defensive in a cold war, as are the United States and the United Kingdom, or in a "shooting war," as is France in Indo-China. She can indulge in a war of attrition with the probability, though not the certainty, that the United Nations will not transform it into something more serious from her point of view. For them it holds out no favourable prospects. The best to be hoped from it would be a resumption of negotiations, which might be as tedious and inconclusive as those of the past five months.

The main point at issue was for long the location of an armistice line. As I have often pointed out here, in modern times armistices have generally come about when one side has been so well situated that it has been at liberty to impose virtually what terms it pleases, with the proviso that they must not be so brutal as to drive the enemy into taking up arms

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

THE WAR IN KOREA DRAGS ON.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

again in desperation. Instances can, however, be found in history of both sides being on something approaching an equality. In such cases a line following the battle-front has generally been chosen without question. Here the Communists struggled month after month to fix the armistice line on the 38th Parallel. This lay far behind the battle-front, and



THE KOREAN BATTLE-LINE—THE MOST RECENT TO DATE OF WRITING OF THE PROPOSALS FOR AN ARMISTICE DEMARCATION LINE: THE GENERAL POSITION OF THE U.N. AND COMMUNIST FORCES AT THE END OF THE FIRST WEEK IN NOVEMBER.

After the discussion and rejection at Panmunjom of various proposals for cease-fire lines, the most realistic—that put forward by the U.N. negotiators and favourably received by the Communists on November 17—was based on the actual contact point of the forces and called for a zone two kilometres wide with the line of contact as its centre. The Communists asked for time to study this proposal and on November 22 tabled a counter-proposal with much in common with the U.N. suggestion.

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COLONEL JAMES H. HANLEY, THE U.S. HEAD OF THE EIGHTH ARMY'S JUDGE ADVOCATE'S SECTION IN KOREA, WHO STATED AT PUSAN THAT SINCE THE BEGINNING OF THE KOREAN WAR THE COMMUNISTS HAD MASSACRED AT LEAST 5790 UNITED NATIONS PRISONERS OF WAR.

On November 13, Colonel James H. Hanley made the above statement at Pusan, adding: "All I wanted to do was to let G.I.s know what the Chinese are doing and let them realise the Communist propaganda." On November 16 U.S. military authorities in the U.S. were reported as not knowing on what authority this accusation had been made. On November 18 General Ridgway, in Tokyo, confirmed that U.S. prisoners had been murdered by Communist troops in Korea but gave no figures. On November 20, however, a statement from General Ridgway's headquarters, which included the remark that Colonel Hanley's "duties do not involve responsibilities for the reporting of casualties arising from the Korean operation," gave the "total number of U.S. dead as the result of atrocities and whose bodies have been recovered as 365"; but added "there is considerable evidence to justify a presumption of death by atrocity of a large number, which may approximate 6000."

withdrawal to it would have involved for the United Nations abandonment of a valuable and well-fortified position, gained at heavy cost. The Communists recently showed themselves more pliant, and it seemed likely that this matter at least would shortly be settled. Perhaps it will be in fact, but undoubtedly a serious hitch has occurred, all the more discouraging because affairs had apparently improved.

Its origin lay in a demand made by the United States representatives. It appears that agreement on the armistice line had been reached with the exception of the region of Kaesong, when they requested that agreement should be reached simultaneously on other important points: the exchange of prisoners of war and methods of supervising the maintenance of the armistice. Both are urgent matters, but it would seem that the armistice line might come first, perhaps with the proviso that if the question of prisoners of war was not quickly settled, the United Nations would resume liberty of action. The Communists have refused to proceed on these lines. It is possible that the matter will have been cleared up by the time this article appears. I sincerely hope it will; for it cannot be denied that the tactics of the American representatives have aroused criticism. This has been at least as sharp in the United States as in our country. This trouble has occurred at the same moment as an unfortunate incident—the publication by the Judge Advocate-General of the Eighth Army of accusations that the Communists have been guilty of wholesale murder of prisoners of war. Such a statement ought never to have been made without consultation with, and the backing of, General Headquarters in Tokyo; whereas both it and our own military authorities were surprised by this announcement, and our Adjutant-General's department did not know that such crimes were alleged to have occurred. Before these lines are read, a full explanation will doubtless have been given, but if the dreadful story is well founded, it ought to have been revealed on the direct authority of General Ridgway.

The effect of these two incidents has been to provide material for those who are striving to poison Anglo-American relations. There never was a time when it was more necessary that these should be close and frank, and when all irritants should be eliminated as far as that lies within human power. All over the world the two nations are bound together by their common interests, by their stakes in freedom and by their danger. Differences are bound to occur from time to time, but in both these cases foresight might have avoided them. I do not want to exaggerate their importance. They are of the type which are hardly remembered by the most conscientious historian if the damage done by them is speedily repaired; it is only when they form part of a series which increases danger and instability step by step that they play a big part in international annals—and I cannot imagine that such a thing will now happen.

I have insisted upon the danger created by the building-up of Communist resources in Korea from Russian stocks. At the same time, I am not inclined to believe in the explanation of the delays in negotiations which some people are now advancing; that these negotiations were set on foot solely to provide time for the armament and training of the Communist forces. Such a reading is natural enough in the circumstances and there is some slight possibility that it is the true one. But to the historian it wears an artificial air. Motives in affairs such as this are generally found to be less complex and dramatic than as the imagination pictures them. I have always held that the Communists genuinely desired a settlement, even if they were prepared to bluff to the utmost limit in order to obtain one which would bring them better results than were justified by their achievements in the field. If that is so, it represents the best hope that the armistice negotiations will eventually come to something. I do not foretell an easy future. Even if a satisfactory armistice were to be achieved, it would be no more than a first step. When some observers, myself, I fear, included, thought that an armistice convention would be signed without undue delay, they nevertheless recognised that a final settlement of the Korean question would require long and difficult negotiations.

As I bring this article to an end, the news about prospects of armistice talks seems better than for a long time. Yet, if we look at the situation objectively and refuse to buoy ourselves up with unwarranted optimism, we must admit that they can take us only a short way. It is seldom indeed that we shall find in military history a precedent to inspire our hopes: that of two armies engaging in fierce battles, agreeing to a cessation of arms without decisive success on either side, followed by that of the nations which they represent then agreeing to settle their differences amicably. It has also to be remembered that Communist ideology creates deeper barriers and renders honest final settlements more difficult of attainment than the national antagonism of most former wars. The future of Korea may involve longer disputes and more manoeuvring than the attainment of an armistice. Yet, if realities must be faced, they should not create undue dejection. The tasks already overcome in Korea have been at least as tough as any still to be faced. The policy of the enemy has been to wear out both political and military resistance. The United Nations cannot afford to aid him by any slackening of determination.



CHEERLESS DAWN ON A GREY AND CLOUDY MORNING: UNITED STATES MARINE REINFORCEMENTS IN SIGHT OF KOREA.

This photograph is a dramatic representation of a moment which all troops on active service know well, the cold, grey dawn on the deck of a troopship, when men huddle together, chilled and in physical discomfort, *en route* for the theatre of war. The transport illustrated is carrying men of the United States Marines, the famous and splendidly-equipped "leathernecks," some of the toughest fighters in the American Army, towards Korea. The war broke out there on June 25, 1950,

when the North Koreans invaded South Korea, and the United Nations answered the call to resist aggression. Hopes for a cease-fire seemed brighter on November 23, when it was announced that United Nations and Communist truce negotiators had reached sufficient agreement to order their staff officers to begin plotting a cease-fire line, but at the time of writing, fighting in bitterly cold weather still continues.



AFTER THEIR GREAT STAND AGAINST THE COMMUNIST ATTACK BY TWO ENEMY BRIGADES—SOME 7000 MEN—EARLY IN NOVEMBER: A PATROL OF THE K.O.S.B. PASSING EMPTY SHELL-CASES.



BACKED BY A TANK: MEN OF THE K.O.S.B. ON GUARD OVER THE GROUND FROM WHICH THEY BEAT BACK A FIERCE ATTACK AFTER WITHSTANDING A HEAVY BARRAGE.



GAZING TOWARDS THE TENTS IN WHICH THE CEASE-FIRE TALKS HAVE BEEN CARRIED ON: CHINESE VOLUNTEERS WITH THE NORTH KOREAN FORCES, TWO MILITARY POLICEMEN OPERATING UNDER AN AGREEMENT FOR BOTH SIDES TO PATROL THE NEUTRAL ZONE.



CHANGE-OVER CEREMONY: THE R.S.M. OF THE 14TH FIELD REGIMENT, ROYAL ARTILLERY, RAISING HIS REGIMENT'S FLAG ON THEIR REPLACING THE 45TH FIELD REGIMENT, R.A.



RESCUED BY HELICOPTER: A UNITED STATES OFFICER STEPPING FROM THE AIR-CRAFT WHICH HAD PICKED HIM UP FROM BEHIND THE ENEMY LINES.

THE KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS' GREAT STAND IN KOREA: HELICOPTER RESCUE AND OTHER WAR EPISODES.

Three companies of the 1st Battalion, The King's Own Scottish Borderers, outnumbered by some ten to one, made a magnificent stand in Korea, north-west of Yonchon, when the Chinese attacked their positions on November 4. They withstood the heaviest Communist artillery barrage of the war before taking part in close-in fighting which lasted for four hours. On November 5 The Royal Leicestershire Regiment took over, and received their Korean baptism of fire.

"Immediate" decorations were awarded to officers and men of the K.O.S.B. and other men of the British Commonwealth Division. A message conveying Edinburgh's tribute to the gallantry of the K.O.S.B. was sent by the Lord Provost to the Battalion commander. Helicopters have proved of service in rescuing downed airmen from behind enemy lines. On another page we give a sketch of such a rescue, and on this we show an officer who has returned to safety.

HOW UNITED NATIONS TREAT THEIR PRISONERS: SCENES IN CAMPS ON KOJEDO, AND THE PEACE TALKS.



WATCHING THE CONSTRUCTION OF A NEW TENT AT PANMUNJOM FOR THE UNITED NATIONS-COMMUNIST CEASE-FIRE TALKS, TO REPLACE A LEAKING ONE: COMMUNIST NEWSPAPER MEN.



A COMMUNIST FOLLOWER OF IZAAK WALTON: A NORTH KOREAN OFFICER, A MEMBER OF THE COMMUNIST CEASE-FIRE NEGOTIATORS, TRIES HIS LUCK WITH MAKESHIFT TACKLE AT PANMUNJOM.



WHERE MANY THOUSANDS OF COMMUNIST P.O.W.'S ARE COMFORTABLY HOUSED: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE TOWN OF HUTMENTS AND TENTS IN THE CAMP AT KOJEDO.



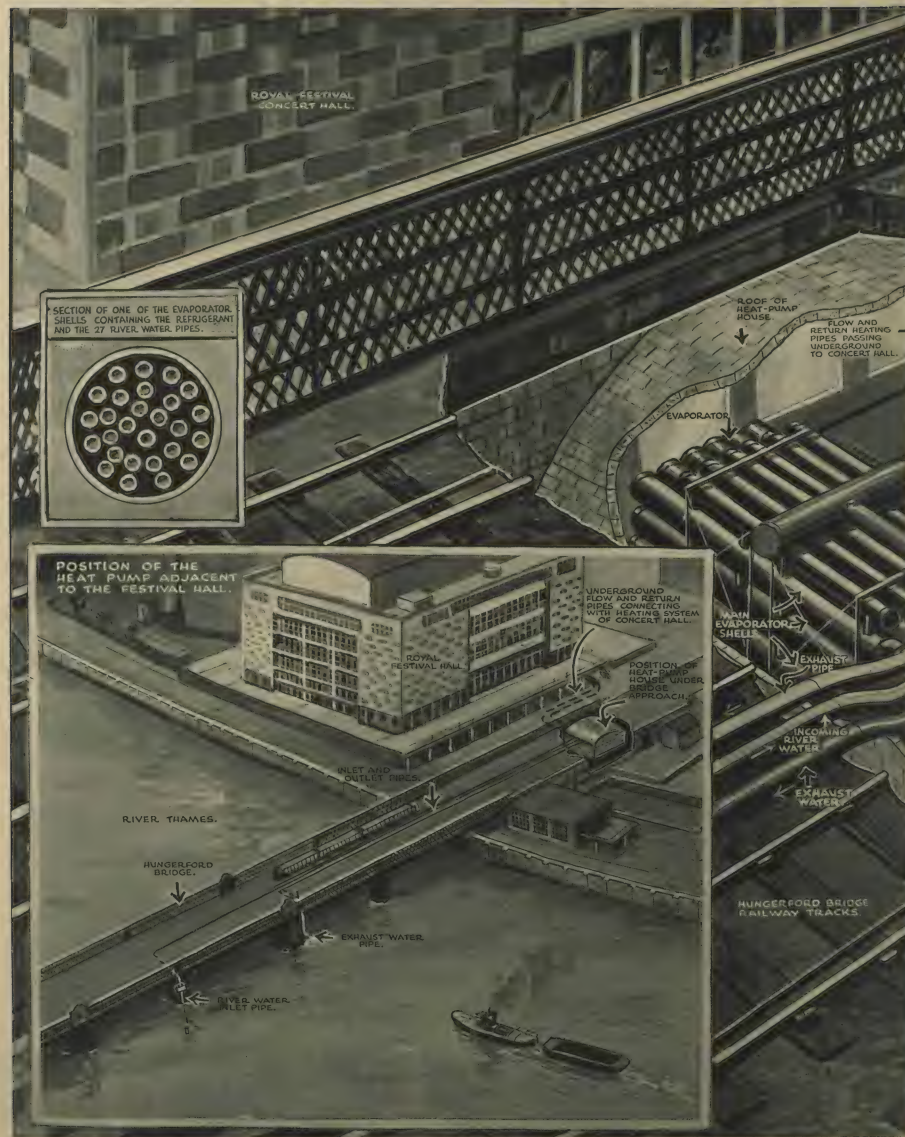
STUD-POKER WITH CIGARETTES FOR CHIPS: A PARTY OF COMMUNIST PRISONERS WHILING AWAY THE TIME AT THEIR PRISON CAMP ON KOJEDO, OFF THE SOUTH KOREAN COAST.



THOUGHTS OF HOME WHEN FAR FROM HOME: TWO CAPTURED COMMUNISTS AMUSE THEMSELVES IN THEIR P.O.W. CAMP BY BUILDING A MODEL OF THEIR NATIVE VILLAGE.

In view of the reports of atrocities committed by the Communists on United Nations prisoners of war, and the reported murder of several thousands of Americans, these photographs of the conditions under which Communist prisoners of war captured by the United Nations are living are of considerable interest. They were taken in camp on the island of Kojedo, off the South Korean coast,

where the prisoners are housed in hutments and tents. They pass their time playing cards for cigarettes, enjoying American games, going to school, and making toys and clothing for war orphans. The model of their home village constructed by two Communist prisoners was cleverly put together out of stones, beer cans and other unpromising-sounding odds and ends.

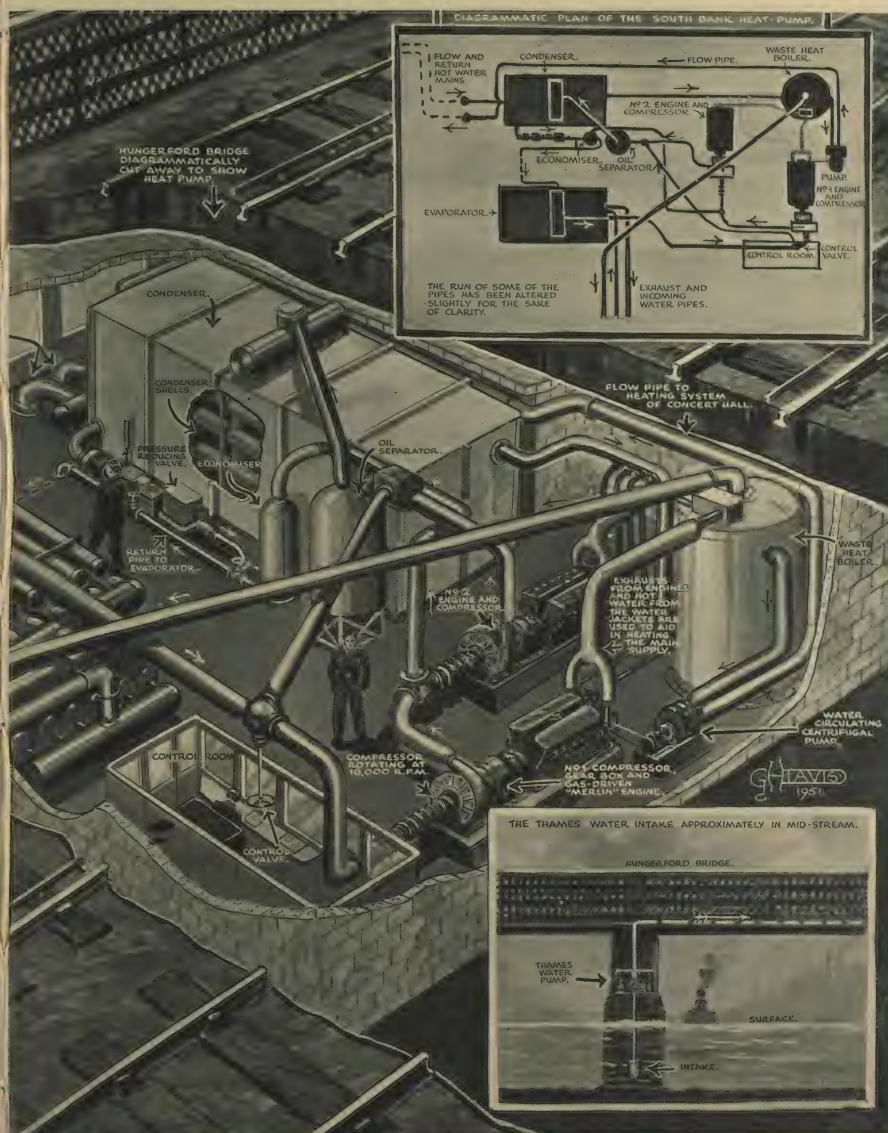


HOW THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL IS WARMED BY UTILISING THE NATURAL HEAT IN THE WATERS OF THE

The heat-pump illustrated on these pages is used in conjunction with, and is complementary to, the normal system of heating the Royal Festival Hall, on the South Bank site of the Thames. Its method of working can be simply explained. Water from the Thames is pumped into the evaporator, which has eighteen main shells, each 12 ins. in diameter. Inside each shell are a number of smaller pipes through which the Thames water passes, and the main shell is filled with a refrigerant consisting of a chemical mixture known as "Freon," which has an extremely low boiling-point. Heat is drawn from the Thames water

and the chemical eventually vaporises. This vapour is then compressed by small compressors rotating at 18,000 r.p.m. and driven by Merlin aero engines converted to burn town gas. The compression of the vapour increases its temperature to approximately the boiling-point of water, and it then passes through piping into the condenser shells where it heats the water in the heating system of the Royal Festival Hall. This water then passes into the waste-heat boiler, where it draws additional heat from the exhaust gases of the engines and from the heated water from their water-jackets. The heated

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH



THAMES: A DIAGRAMMATIC EXPLANATION OF THE HEAT-PUMP SITUATED UNDER HUNGERFORD BRIDGE.

water then flows through a pipe in an underground conduit to the radiators in the Concert Hall and then circulates by the normal method of flow and return. The refrigerant is in a closed circuit so that there is no loss, and it can be used over and over again. The only expenditure incurred after the initial outlay for the installation is for the fuel used by the engines driving the compressors, a matter of some 6,000 cub. ft. of town gas per hour. This puts into the Royal Festival Hall one-and-a-half times as much heat as is in the gas burned by the Merlin engines. The only other power used is the electric motor which drives

THE CO-OPERATION OF THE MINISTRY OF FUEL AND POWER.

the water-pump situated on the mid-river pier of Hungerford Bridge. The pipe carrying the river water to the heat pump and the pipe which returns this water to the Thames after its heat has been extracted run between the railway tracks on the bridge. During the Festival Exhibition the pump-house, situated under Hungerford Bridge, was visited by hundreds of privileged visitors. The first heat-pump on a large scale was installed at Norwich in 1946, where the waters of the River Wensum were used to heat the Central Electricity Building. This was illustrated by Mr. G. H. Davis in our issue of October 16, 1947.



THE WORLD'S FIRST "SIAMESE TWIN" TURBO-PROP AIRCRAFT—THE ROYAL NAVY'S NEW AND POWERFUL ANSWER TO THE MENACE OF SUBMARINE WARFARE: THE FAIREY GANNET IN FLIGHT.

The Fairey *Gannet* (which is the name now given to the Fairey 17 anti-submarine aircraft) first flew on September 19, 1949. Since then it has completed a full range of constructor's trials, followed by trials at Boscombe Down and exhaustive trials from light aircraft-carriers. It has been ordered in quantity for the Royal Navy and is now in full production, in the form shown by our Artist. Security

regulations permit only information concerning the external and visible characteristics, but even these are sufficient to indicate that this is a remarkable aircraft. Its span, with wings spread, is 54 ft. 4 ins., with wings folded, 19½ ft.; its height is 13 ft. 8½ ins., and only half an inch greater when the wings are folded. It is a three-seater, and the pilot, being placed above the engine and well forward of

the wings, has exceptionally wide vision. The anti-submarine radar equipment is housed in the fuselage behind the wings in a retractile radome (or "dustbin,") which can be seen in the picture in the retracted position. Forward of this radome is a large bomb-bay, with flaps; and there is a retractile tricycle undercarriage. The power unit is truly remarkable. It is an Armstrong-Siddeley

Double Mamba, which is a sort of "Siamese Twin" turbo-prop driving co-axially two four-bladed airscrews, which can be used together or singly—as shown in the picture—when the idle screw is automatically feathered. This method brings many advantages—economy, efficiency, the availability of bursts of power at "take-off" and in emergency, reduced maintenance and longer life.

FROM THE PAINTING BY C. E. TURNER.



VISITING THE EIFFEL TOWER: PRINCESS MARGARET AND HER LADY-IN-WAITING, MISS JENNIFER RYAN, CLUTCHING THEIR HATS, OWING TO THE HIGH WIND.



BEING OFFERED A PAIR OF NYLONS BY THE DESIGNER CHRISTIAN DIOR (CENTRE): PRINCESS MARGARET AT A DIOR FASHION SHOW ON NOVEMBER 22. ON THE PREVIOUS DAY SHE VISITED JEAN DESSES, THE PARIS DRESSMAKER.

PRINCESS MARGARET IN PARIS: SCENES AT THE BRILLIANT GALA BALL IN AID OF OTHER EVENTS DURING HER FOUR-DAY VISIT.



"I NEVER BELIEVED PARIS WAS SO BIG BEFORE": PRINCESS MARGARET LOOKING DOWN ON THE GREAT CITY DURING HER FIRST VISIT TO THE EIFFEL TOWER. A 50-M.P.H. WIND WAS BLOWING AT THE TIME.



OUTSIDE A PARIS RESTAURANT WHERE THEY LUNCHEONED: PRINCESS MARGARET, THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND PRINCESS OLGA OF YUGOSLAVIA (R.).

the five rooms of the Cercle and danced to two orchestras at what was one of the most brilliant social events held in Paris for many years. The Princess, a radiant figure in the white Dior dress which she wore for her twenty-first birthday party, opened the ball by dancing with Sir Oliver Harvey, the British Ambassador. Seventy of the many distinguished guests were presented to the Princess on her

AT THE BRILLIANT GALA BALL IN AID OF OTHER EVENTS DURING HER FOUR-DAY VISIT.



ONE OF THE MOST BRILLIANT SOCIAL EVENTS IN PARIS FOR MANY YEARS: PRINCESS MARGARET GREETING LADY DIANA COOPER, WHOSE HUSBAND, SIR DUFF COOPER, CAN BE SEEN (RIGHT).



OPENING THE BALL AT THE CERCLE INTERALLIÉ: PRINCESS MARGARET, A SCINTILLATING FIGURE IN WHITE ORGANIE, DANCING WITH SIR OLIVER HARVEY, THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR.

arrival. During Princess Margaret's visit she had luncheon with President Auriol at the Elysée Palace. The guests included the Duchess of Kent, who was paying private visit to Paris. The Princess met President Auriol for the first time, for her first visit to Paris, in 1949, he was in Algeria, and when he paid his State visit to London in March last year, she was ill. The luncheon was the last of the



APPLAUDED ON HER ARRIVAL AT THE CERCLE INTERALLIÉ IN THE FAUBOURG ST. HONORÉ FOR THE BALL IN AID OF THE BRITISH HERTFORD HOSPITAL: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET.



ARRIVING AT S.H.A.P.E. FOR AN INFORMAL TEA PARTY: PRINCESS MARGARET SHAKING HANDS WITH GENERAL EISENHOWER, WHILE CHIEF-MARSHAL SIR HUGH SAUNDERS LOOKS ON.

Princess's official engagements, and her visit, until her departure on November 24, then assumed a semi-private character. During her stay in Paris Princess Margaret attended a private cocktail-party at the Embassy; a dinner-party given by Mr. William Hayer, British Minister; visited fashion houses and the Eiffel Tower; and had dinner with Sir Duff Cooper and Lady Diana Cooper.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

CHRISTMAS GIVE AND TAKE.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.



great, big, strong-minded resolution. It happens year after year, and always with the same results. An edict goes forth at the highest level that "this year we are not giving any Christmas presents—or, at



"THE EXQUISITE 'QUEEN OF SPAIN' . . . SURELY ONE OF THE LOVELIEST OF ALL DAFFODILS": RECOMMENDED BY MR. ELLIOTT AS A PRESENT "JUST A LITTLE OUT OF THE ORDINARY RUN."
Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

any rate, only very little ones—we really mean it. Of course, the children," etc., etc. Always the resolution is qualified with a few exceptions, especially the children. That is fatal. Resolution melts and crumbles and, as usual, the resolutionists end up with the customary post-Christmas financial hangover. It is useless resolving against the traditional Christmas atmosphere of give and take—especially give. It is an atmosphere that can not and should not be resisted. The most deadly carriers of the Christmas virus are the carol singers. No matter how out of tune and out of time they may massacre the dear, traditional old carols, they cannot be shooed away without at least some small token of goodwill.

The waits are aided and abetted by the shopkeepers with their displays of "Yuletide Gifts," holly, mistletoe and turkeys hanging by the heels at the poulterers—or, more often in these days, pathetically skinny chickens. Finally, natty little parcels begin to arrive by post, inscribed "not to be opened until the 25th." No, my dear Mr. Scrooge. You should have known better than to make those foolish, strong-minded resolutions. You will now resort to panic, last-minute Christmas shopping, and spend more, with less success, than if you had started from the first in the authentic, reckless Christmas spirit. Postponing Christmas shopping until the last minute seems to be almost as widely popular as postponing will-making until after the last minute, which explains, maybe, the phenomenal success that book tokens have enjoyed. The man who invented book tokens was undoubtedly a genius. Sending a book token is perhaps only a shade less cold-blooded and unimaginative than sending a postal-order. But receiving book tokens is grand. The more the merrier. And at any rate it enables the recipient to get just exactly what he wants—within limits—and that

surely is one of the essentials of good giving. In Christmas shopping there are cases and occasions when finding exactly the right gift for the right person becomes altogether too difficult. I remember an instance of this in the early days when I had only recently started my nursery at Stevenage, and could count my staff on the times of one fork. For the first few years I gave them all rather carefully-chosen Christmas presents. It soon became difficult to avoid giving the same things to the same people year after year. There was one lad in particular, an unusually bright and promising youngster of fifteen or so. I had given him, maybe, a useful, strong knife and a warm muffler in former years and, wondering what next, asked him what he'd like this year. With charming naïveté he told me that he had not got a good overcoat. I forget whether I fell for it or compromised. But from then on I simplified by giving half-a-week's wages all round.

Some years after book tokens were invented, I copied and adapted the idea by sending out what I called plant tokens from my Stevenage nursery. Plant tokens were an immediate success, so much so that, within a year, several other nursery firms adopted the idea. In practice they were very simple. A voucher card was franked for any sum that the purchaser cared to name—and pay for. This could be sent by way of a Christmas present, a birthday present, or just as a plain, everyday present, and entitled the receiver to plants, etc., to the value stated, from the issuing firm, at any time within twelve months of the date of issue. Plant tokens had two special advantages. They enabled the receiver to make his own selection from the nurseryman's catalogue, and he could have the plants sent at the time of year which was most convenient to himself—and the plants.

The plan of giving friends something for the garden at Christmas seems to have become more and more popular during recent years, and a very excellent plan it is. Gone are the days—for the time being, at any rate—when folk sent a turkey, a York Ham (yes, a capital "H" please), half a Stilton, or half-a-dozen of Scotch. I remember one memorable

Christmas when three turkeys arrived. I remember too—on the giving side—discovering a source of supply of the finest Russian caviar, in cartons, at 6s. per pound. That gained much kudos among carefully chosen kindred souls. To-day, half a Stilton is unthinkable. Half-a-pound, perhaps, to mock the two-ounce ration of the plastic variety.

One of the best and wisest Christmas gifts in the "something-for-the-garden" line is given each year to a young farm-hand of my acquaintance. His farmer employer gives him one of those all-in collections of vegetable seeds which are put up at a guinea or thereabouts by some firms of seedsmen. Before he received his first collection a few years ago, my friend had never gardened. Now he is a gardener for life, and an uncommonly successful one too.

One immense advantage of giving for the garden is that the recipient need not necessarily be a gardener. For the gardenless plant- and flower-lover, one can give bowls and bulbs to grow in them, or a ready-made room plant—cyclamen, primula, azalea or fern, or one of Mrs. Constance Spry's masterly and beautiful

books on flower-arranging. Christmas is late, but not too late, for giving bulbs, and here I would suggest selecting sorts that are just a little out

of the ordinary run, rather than the varieties whose names leap first to mind. Instead of narcissus "King Alfred," try the exquisite "Queen of Spain," which is surely one of the loveliest of all daffodils; or the dainty little narcissus "Beryl." Instead of the splendid and worthy tulip "Clara Butt," give the Lady Tulip, *Tulipa clusiana*, which is chic and exquisitely dressed, a dainty rogue in pink and white porcelain. A relatively inexpensive bulb which is very seldom seen in gardens is *Allium azureum*. On slender, wiry, 2-ft. stems, it carries globular heads of cornflower-blue blossom which are most decorative in the flower-border, and invaluable for cutting. Spend an evening with two or three really good bulb catalogues, and make adventurous, yet wise, choice. It is a doubly-rewarding occupation, for you are pretty certain to give yourself a few most welcome presents in addition to those for your friends. But the choice extends far beyond bulbs. There are shrubs and roses, herbaceous plants and Alpines, singly or in collections; garden gadgets of all sorts—secateurs, hanks of raffia, sacks of bone-meal and other plant nourishment, weed-killers and fumigants, stainless-steel trowels and hand-forks; all the irresistible delights that one finds in the "Sundries Avenue" at Chelsea Flower Show.

And there are garden books. Among recent publications that have come to stay in my shelves are Woodcock and Stearn's "Lilies of the World," Collingwood Ingram's "Ornamental Cherries," Wilfred Blunt's fascinating "The Art of Botanical Illustration," David Wilkie's "Gentians" and G. H. Berry's



"CHIC AND EXQUISITELY DRESSED, A DAINTY ROGUE IN PINK AND WHITE PORCELAIN": THE LONG AND ELEGANT FLOWERS OF THE LADY TULIP, *TULIPA CLUSIANA*. [Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.]

"AN IDEAL GIFT"

THE annual problems of Christmas shopping will soon have to be solved. Those who find it difficult to select the ideal gift (especially for dispatch to friends overseas when the question of packing and other difficulties have to be considered) and seek something to give lasting pleasure and continually to remind the recipient of the affection that the donor feels for him or her, will find the answer in a year's subscription to *The Illustrated London News*.

Every week the current copy will arrive and provide an hour of enjoyment and interest and, with its appearance, will come a happy and agreeable remembrance of the friend who has sent it, whether he be near at hand or far away. Orders for subscriptions for *The Illustrated London News* to be sent overseas may be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall or sent direct to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription. Canada, £5 14s.; elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.) Friends at home will naturally be equally appreciative of such a gift, and in that case the year's subscription is £5 16s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.)

"Gentians in the Garden," H. Clifford Crook's "Campanulas," K. C. Corsar's "Primulas in the Garden," and—of a more general character—Sanders' "The Flower Garden," revised by A. J. Macself. Above all—if you are in expansive mood—there will be the R.H.S. "Dictionary of Gardening," which is due for publication any minute now. A year's subscription to *The Illustrated London News*, complete with its weekly "In An English Garden," is such an obvious choice that I almost forgot to mention it.

Another supremely choice choice, of something for the garden, might be a load of farmyard manure, but that, alas! is about as rare and remote as half a Stilton or half-a-dozen of Scotch.



(LEFT.)
THE "ISLAND" SUPERSTRUCTURE OF H.M.S. *EAGLE*, BRITAIN'S LARGEST-EVER AIRCRAFT CARRIER. THE "ISLAND" ITSELF IS THE SIZE OF A FRIGATE AND IS ON THE STARBOARD SIDE.



(RIGHT.)
LOOKING AFT FROM H.M.S. *EAGLE*'S "ISLAND" OVER PART OF THE TWO-ACRE FLIGHT-DECK. THE CARRIER'S OVERALL LENGTH IS 803½ FT.



THE ROYAL NAVY'S LATEST AIRCRAFT CARRIER, H.M.S. *EAGLE*, THE FIRST SPECIALLY BUILT TO OPERATE MODERN JET AIRCRAFT, WHICH SHE WILL BE ABLE TO LAUNCH AT THE RATE OF ONE EVERY TWENTY SECONDS



THE BOWS OF H.M.S. *EAGLE*. SHE HAS FOUR BATTERIES OF FOUR 4.5-IN. GUNS, EACH BATTERY WITH A FIRST-CLASS, BATTLE-TESTED RADAR CONTROL SYSTEM.

H.M.S. *Eagle*, one of the two largest British aircraft carriers ever built—and the largest afloat, since her sister-ship *Ark Royal* is not yet complete—hoisted the White Ensign on October 31 under the command of Captain G. Willoughby, R.N., and has been recently undergoing machinery and manoeuvrability trials in the Clyde. The twenty-first of her name to serve in the Royal Navy, H.M.S. *Eagle* has a displacement of 36,800 tons (45,000 tons full load), and is only exceeded in size by the U.S. "Midway" class. Begun in October, 1942, as *Audacious*, she was renamed *Eagle* in January, 1946, and launched by Princess Elizabeth on March 19, 1946. She was built by Messrs. Harland and Wolff of Belfast.



THE STERN OF H.M.S. *EAGLE*. SHE IS EXPECTED TO CARRY ABOUT 100 AIRCRAFT AND HAS TWO LARGE AIRCRAFT LIFTS FROM THE HANGARS TO THE FLIGHT-DECK. HER PEACETIME COMPLEMENT IS 2000 OFFICERS AND MEN.

THE ROYAL NAVY'S LATEST AND GREATEST AIRCRAFT CARRIER: H.M.S. *EAGLE* (36,800 TONS), DURING TRIALS IN THE CLYDE.

PEACEFUL, EXOTIC, AND DECORATIVE:
A CURRENT EXHIBITION OF 19TH-CENTURY ART.



"LA SEINE AUX ENVIRONS DE PARIS"; BY STANISLAS LEPINE (CAEN, 1836—PARIS, 1892), A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF THE WORK OF THIS PUPIL OF COROT. (Canvas. 24 by 45 ins.)



"VILLAGE DE LA MARTINIQUE"; BY PAUL GAUGUIN (PARIS, 1848—DOMINIQUE, ANTILLES, 1903), PAINTED IN 1887, WHEN THE ARTIST VISITED THE ISLAND FOR SEVEN MONTHS, AND RETURNED ILL. (Canvas. 18 by 28 ins.)



"SOUVENIR DE DEAUVILLE"; BY LOUIS EUGÈNE BOUDIN (HONFLEUR, 1824—PARIS, 1892), A PAINTER INFLUENCED BY COROT AND JONGKIND. PAINTED 1887. (Panel. 7½ by 12½ ins.)



"NATURE MORTE AU POT BLANC"; BY HENRI FANTIN-LATOURE, C. 1860 (GRENOBLE, 1830—BURE, ORNE, 1904), FAMOUS FLOWER PAINTER, PORTRAITIST AND LITHOGRAPHER. Canvas. 12 by 13 ins.



"PAYSAGE DAUPHINOIS"; DATED 1873 BY JOHANN BARTHOLD JONGKIND (LATROP, HOLLAND, 1819—LA CÔTE ST. ANDRÉ, ISÈRE, 1891), PUPIL OF ISABEY. (Canvas. 15½ by 26½ ins.)

AN important exhibition of paintings was due to open on November 26 at the galleries of Messrs. Arthur Tooth and Sons, under the title of "Recent Acquisitions," and will continue until December 29. The paintings on view include examples of the work of great French nineteenth-century landscape painters, and also a fine interior of a church at Milan, by Richard Parkes Bonington, the gifted English artist whose untimely death at the age of twenty-six was so great a loss to painting. It was sold at the Bonington sale at Sotheby's in 1829 after the artist's death, appeared at the Webb Sale in Paris in 1837, and was recently discovered in Paris. The Gauguin which we reproduce was painted in 1887, when he visited Martinique for seven months and returned ill. In one of his letters he wrote:

[Continued below, right.]



"INTERIOR OF A CHURCH AT MILAN"; BY RICHARD PARKES BONINGTON (ARNOLD, NOTTINGHAM, 1802—LONDON, 1828), A FINE WORK RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN PARIS. SIGNED IN FULL, PAINTED 1826. (Panel. 6½ by 8½ ins.)

[Continued.]

"I am bringing back [from Martinique] a dozen canvases, four with figures, much superior to anything I did at Pont-Aven." Puvis de Chavannes studied with Delacroix and Couture, and Degas was influenced by his work. Although he derived much from Giotto, Fra Angelico and the Italian Primitives, he brought his own individuality to bear on his art and may be said to have created modern decorative painting.



(LEFT.) "LES BIENFAITS DE LA PAIX"; BY P. PUVIS DE CHAVANNES (LYONS, 1824—PARIS, 1898), PAINTED C. 1880, THE CREATOR OF MODERN DECORATIVE PAINTING. (Canvas. 25½ by 67½ ins.)



"LE PLATEAU DU MORVAN," 1882: BY HENRI HARPIGNIES (VALENCIENNES, 1819—ST. PRIVE, YONNE, 1916), A PUPIL OF JEAN ACHARD, WHO TRAVELLED WIDELY IN FRANCE AND ITALY.
(Canvas, 17½ by 32½ ins.)



"SULTAN, WITH HIS TRAINER AND GROOM": BY BEN MARSHALL (1767-1835). SULTAN, BY SELIM OUT OF RACCHANTE, WAS BRED BY WILLIAM CROCKFORD IN 1816 AND RAN SECOND IN THE DERBY OF 1819.
(Canvas, 24 by 29 ins.)



"CAPRI VUE DE MONTE SOLARO PRISE DES OLIVIERI À TRAGARA, 1828": BY JEAN BAPTISTE COROT (PARIS, 1796-1875), AN IMPORTANT PICTURE HITHERTO UNRECORDED. IT WAS RECENTLY DISCOVERED UNDER ROMANTIC CIRCUMSTANCES. (Canvas, 18½ by 25½ ins.)

A beautiful and hitherto unrecorded Corot—a view of Capri—is one of the most interesting works in the Exhibition of "Recent Acquisitions" at the Galleries of Arthur Tooth and Sons which was due to open on November 26, and will continue until December 29. The discovery of this painting, made by Corot during his first visit to Italy in 1828 at the age of thirty-two, is an event of the first importance. The catalogue states that it was deposited by a Czecho-Slovakian refugee in a convent just outside Paris when the Germans invaded France

INCLUDING A NEWLY-FOUND COROT:
NOTABLE PAINTINGS NOW ON VIEW.



"LA RONDE ENFANTINE": BY GUSTAVE COURBET. (ORNANS, 1819—LA TOUR DE PEILZ, NEAR VEVEY, SWITZERLAND, 1877.)
(Canvas, 26½ by 20½ ins.)



"PORTRAIT DE JEUNE FILLE APRÈS PONTORMO," 1858: BY EDGAR DEGAS (PARIS, 1834—PARIS, 1917), PAINTED WHEN DEGAS VISITED FLORENCE AGED 24 AND COPIED A DRAWING BY PONTORMO (1494-1557). (Canvas, 25½ by 17½ ins.)

in 1940. The owner was killed during the war and the nuns took the picture to Paris this year. Its authenticity is certified by MM. André Schoeller and Jean Dieterle, authors of the recent supplement to "L'Œuvre de Corot," by S. Robaut (1905). This is the only painting made by Corot during his visit to these islands in 1828 which has as yet been discovered. Two others, *Vue de Furia*, *Ile d'Ischia* and *Vue prise dans L'Ile d'Ischia*, exhibited at the Salon in 1831 and 1837 respectively, are still untraced.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THERE has accumulated on my bookshelf a row of eighteen books, each in its gaily decorated dust-jacket. They are opposite where I normally sit, and I find myself gazing with a feeling of satisfaction and pleasure at these colourful spines. Their appeal is not only aesthetic, they are a fund of information. Perhaps it is unnecessary to say that these volumes represent a complete set of the *New Naturalist* volumes. Then, on the shelf above, are four other, smaller books. These are the *New Naturalist* monographs.

A few weeks ago there were three only, the fourth, recently added, being Desmond Nethersole-Thompson's monograph on the greenshank. The *New Naturalist* series represents a high-water mark in publishing, to meet a growing popular need, works by recognised authorities in palatable form, which will, we hope, in time reach encyclopædic proportions. The monographs, on the other hand, represent a daring enterprise, the presentation of what are essentially scientific publications in a form that any layman can appreciate. Since I am not here reviewing books in the orthodox sense, perhaps I may be permitted to deal with this series of monographs in slightly unusual terms.

When Ernest Neal gave us his work on the badger, he set a new standard in "popular" natural history publications. On the basis of years of personal investigation he presented his findings in such a way that anyone wishing to know anything about the natural history of badgers could go to this book and be confident of finding the answer or, if not that, of knowing that the answer had not yet been found. Then came John Buxton's work on the redstart; Stuart Smith's on the yellow wagtail; each devoted to one species and each maintaining the same high standard. The greenshank is found in a relatively restricted area in Scotland, although it occurs sparingly as a passage migrant throughout Britain, especially in the autumn. As a subject, therefore, it does not recommend itself at first sight to a wide public, but there is more to be said on this point later. Nethersole-Thompson's work, based upon fifteen years' personal observation, gives us the history of the bird, its distribution, enemies, food, courtship, nesting—in fact, all there is to be known about this bird. Above all, the emphasis, as in the companion works, is on its behaviour, studied objectively.

There is an importance to these works which is coincidental. During the years that the *New Naturalist* volumes have been appearing, studies on the behaviour of animals, and especially on birds, have been taking another and complementary line. Or perhaps it would be more correct to say that they have been reaching a peak. Although not confined to workers on the Continent, these have been dominated by the works of Heinroth and Lorenz, published in German, and therefore inaccessible to a large number of interested people. Their studies have been directed towards the minute analysis of animal behaviour, and the results are most illuminating. Who, for example, would have imagined that the red patch on a herring-gull's bill was the means of directing the gape of the chick to the point where food was being offered it? Yet this has been proven by experiment to be the case. Other minute analyses have been made, notably that on the Cichlid fishes by Baerends and Baerends-van-Roon, studies carried

PETS, INDOORS AND OUT.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

out in Holland during the German occupation. Another leading exponent in the field, also from the Netherlands, but now working in this country, is Tinbergen, and he has now published a summary of the works referred to, as well as his own, under the title *The Study of Instinct*, thus making available to the English reader knowledge hitherto confined to a small circle.

Broadly speaking, the *New Naturalist* monographs tell us what animals do, and to some extent why they do it, and Tinbergen's book not only analyses what they do, but expounds the underlying principles so that we may go back to Neal, Buxton, Smith and Nethersole-Thompson and not only seek out further explanations, but also go into the field and extend these observations for ourselves.

If my words have so far appeared unduly fulsome in favour of the *New Naturalist* publications, let me

hasten to add that the further contents of my bookshelves bear testimony to the fact that other first-class works on natural history have also been put out by other publishers. Incidentally, they also bear testimony to the fact that, riding the tide of interest in this subject, some authors have given us works that would have been better left unprinted. But then, this is an imperfect world anyway.

One can but welcome with open arms, and be forgiven the glowing words of praise, the appearance of any authoritative work on natural history. Believing, as I do, that the very continuance of the human race is, in the last resort, dependent upon our knowledge of living things other than ourselves, and of a sympathetic attitude towards them on the part of the majority of human beings, every good book on the subject is telling propaganda to this end. For that reason, one welcomes the resurgence of the school natural history societies, and the devoted labours of the masters and mistresses given to their growth. One welcomes also the valuable space given by the Press to training the young idea. With children, however, the possessive instinct is strong and their enthusiasm for first-hand observation is almost bound to find expression in the desire to keep pets. It would be difficult to name another author better fitted to write on this subject than Maxwell Knight, and his new book, "Pets, Usual and Unusual," is valuable for pet-keepers of all ages. Having seen the way his own garden and house are given over to aquaria and vivaria of all kinds and descriptions, I would expect him to write sympathetically and accurately, and from first-hand experience of bush-babies, mynahs,

snakes, lizards, and anything else that can be kept without cruelty in or around a human habitation. This book deals with the practical details of handling, housing, feeding and caring for a great variety of animals in captivity.

Finally, a book for the connoisseur of books and of pheasants. "The Pheasants of the World," by Jean Delacour, is a handsome volume, beautifully illustrated by J. C. Harrison, in colour, wash and black-and-white. It was news to me that there exists an Ornamental Pheasant Society in Europe, and an American Pheasant Society, the author being president of both societies. It is not surprising to learn, on the other hand, that pheasants of all kinds, which includes peafowl, peacocks, jungle-fowl, monals, tragopans and others, in addition to the true pheasants, are becoming rare, possibly in many cases to the point of extinction, in their natural habitats. There is, therefore, a high value to be set on the increasing interest in pheasant culture in the Western world. Delacour's book is primarily for those having a special interest in these extremely handsome birds. It comprises mainly a systematic account of the species themselves, with notes on their natural habits, their distribution and their management in captivity.

Pets, indoors or outdoors (Maxwell Knight), in the park or the large aviary (Delacour), in the wild (Nethersole-Thompson) offer us a wide choice—and the grouping of these books gives us an extension of the meaning of the word.



GREENSHANK STUDIES BY RALPH CHISLETT: (TOP, L. TO R.) CALLING FROM A MOSSY MOUND; AND A LOOK ROUND; (BOTTOM, L. TO R.) DOZING; AND TURNING EGGS.

Illustrations reproduced from "The Greenshank" (*New Naturalist Monographs*), by courtesy of the Publishers, Collins.



"OLD GLORY, OUR FAVOURITE HEN GREENSHANK, APPEARED ALMOST TO ENJOY BEING STROKED OR FONDLED WHILE ON THE NEST": MR. D. NETHERSOLE-THOMPSON WITH A BIRD WHICH "IN THE SIX YEARS I KNEW HER . . . WAS QUITE FEARLESS AT THE NEST."

From a colour photograph by John Markham.

"The Greenshank" (*New Naturalist Monographs*). By Desmond Nethersole-Thompson. (Collins; 15s.)

"The Study of Instinct." By N. Tinbergen. (Clarendon Press; 25s.)

"Pets, Usual and Unusual." By Maxwell Knight. (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 15s.)

"The Pheasants of the World." By Jean Delacour. (Country Life; £7 7s.)

EVENTS RECORDED BY CAMERA: DISASTERS, AND AN UNUSUAL ITALIAN PILGRIMAGE.



AFTER A BRISTOL PETROL EXPLOSION IN WHICH TEN PEOPLE LOST THEIR LIVES AND FIFTEEN WERE INJURED: MEN EXAMINING DÉBRIS (FOREGROUND) WHILE FIREMEN STILL WORK IN THE BACKGROUND.

Ten people were killed and fifteen injured, many seriously, in an explosion which occurred on November 24 when a petrol tanker was discharging petrol into an underground tank at the M. & M. Mart Garage, Ashley Road, Bristol. The garage, with two flats

[Continued opposite.]



THE MORNING AFTER: THE SCENE IN ASHLEY ROAD, BRISTOL, AFTER THE EXPLOSION IN THE M. & M. MART GARAGE, WHICH COLLAPSED, WITH TWO FLATS ABOVE IT, IN A HEAP OF RUBBLE.



BEING HELPED ACROSS THE RUINS: DR. RUTH MARTIN, OF BRISTOL ROYAL INFIRMARY, WHO RISKED HER LIFE TO GIVE MORPHIA TO A TRAPPED MAN.

[Continued.]

above it, collapsed in a heap of rubble, and some people in a basement under the garage were trapped. Fire followed the explosion and blazing petrol was widely scattered. Passers-by helped police, firemen and civil defence rescue teams to clear a way through the debris to those who were trapped.



THE "PILGRIMAGE OF STONES" AT VISCIANO, NEAR NAPLES: A MOTHER AND HER LITTLE DAUGHTER EACH CARRYING A CONTRIBUTION TOWARDS THE BUILDING OF A VILLAGE FOR ORPHANS.



SHOWING THE LARGE NUMBER OF MEN AND WOMEN AND CHILDREN WHO PARTICIPATE: THE VISCIANO "PILGRIMAGE OF STONES" FOR THE BUILDING OF AN ORPHANAGE.

A remarkable pilgrimage takes place annually at Visciano, near Naples, Italy. Young and old join in carrying stones to the site where a priest is building a village to house young orphans. The stones are of tufa, which is, of course, porous, so the great lumps they carry on their heads weigh light in proportion to their size.



WITH HER SHOES BALANCED ON TOP OF THE HUGE ROCK OF TUFFA WHICH SHE BEARS ON HER HEAD, AND HER BABY ON HER ARM: AN ITALIAN PILGRIM AT VISCIANO.



THE DEVASTATION WHICH FOLLOWED COPENHAGEN'S SEVEREST EXPLOSION: BUILDINGS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE WRECKED NAVAL ARSENAL, IN WHICH SIXTEEN DIED.

On the evening of November 23 a petrol fire which broke out in the Naval Arsenal at Copenhagen rapidly spread and exploded a number of newly-arrived U.S. mines. The detonations were heard even in South Sweden, and sixteen men, thirteen of them firemen, were killed. Seventy-nine others were



AMONG THE RUINS OF THE COPENHAGEN NAVAL ARSENAL, AFTER MINES HAD BEEN EXPLODED BY A PETROL FIRE. THE DETONATION WAS HEARD TWENTY MILES AWAY. Wounded, some of them critically. Thousands of windows in the harbour area were blown out and police described the explosion as the worst in Copenhagen's history. At the date of writing there was said as yet to be no evidence of sabotage.

PROBABLY THE FIRST
MOUNTAIN TAPIR TO BE
EXHIBITED IN CAPTIVITY,
AND ITS OLD AND NEW
WORLD RELATIONS.

ALTHOUGH the tapirs look uncommonly like Kipling's Elephant Child before his trunk was pulled out, they are most closely related to the horses and rhinoceroses, inasmuch as they have an odd number of toes (although on the hind-feet only). The two best-known species are the Malayan, the only Old World representative of the genus, whose markings make it quite distinctive; and the South American tapir (*Tapirus terrestris* or *americanus*), which is much smaller. In addition, there is the rare Central American, Baird's Tapir—the largest New World species—which is variously called *Tapirus bairdii* or, by some American zoologists, *Tapirella bairdii*; Dow's Tapir, which

[Continued on opposite page.]

(RIGHT.) THE MALAY TAPIR (*TAPIRUS INDICUS*), THE ONLY OLD WORLD SPECIES OF THE GENUS: THE GREY "BLANKET" MARKING IS QUITE DISTINCTIVE AND THE FACIAL PROFILE IS MARKEDLY CONVEX.



THOUGHT TO BE PROBABLY THE ONLY MOUNTAIN TAPIR (*TAPIRUS ROULINI*) TO HAVE BEEN EXHIBITED: THE YOUNG FEMALE IN THE BRONX ZOO.



THE BEST-KNOWN OF THE AMERICAN TAPIRS: *TAPIRUS TERRESTRIS*, THE SOUTH AMERICAN TAPIR, WHICH LIVES IN SWAMPY, LOWLAND JUNGLES.

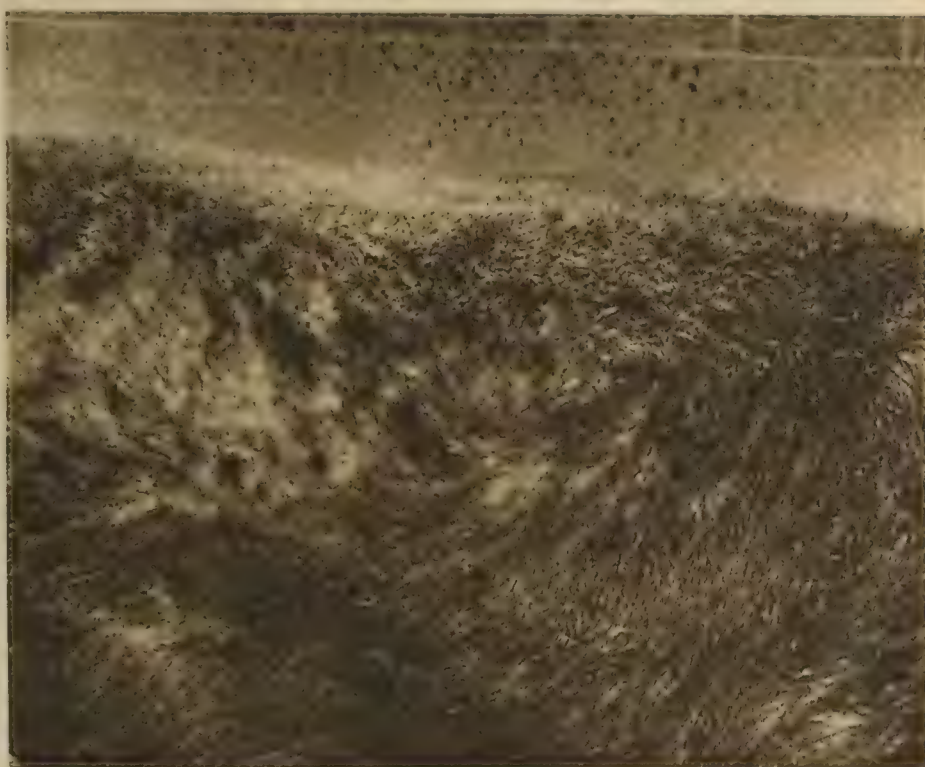


BAIRD'S TAPIR, FROM CENTRAL AMERICA, SOMETIMES CALLED THE GIANT TAPIR AND REACHING 600 LB. WEIGHT. SCIENTIFIC NAME, *TAPIRUS BAIRDII*

THE UNIQUE AND ENGAGING MOUNTAIN TAPIR; AND ITS DISTINCTIVE MARKINGS.



THE STRAIGHT, BLACK AND RATHER SPARSE HAIR OF BAIRD'S TAPIR, WHICH IS QUITE DISTINCT FROM THAT OF THE MOUNTAIN TAPIR, SEE PICTURE, RIGHT.



THE DENSE, MATTED AND "KINKY" HAIR OF THE MOUNTAIN TAPIR, WHICH ACCOUNTS FOR THE ANIMAL'S OTHER COMMON NAME—THE WOOLLY TAPIR.



(ABOVE.) A CLOSE-UP OF THE MOUNTAIN, OR WOOLLY, TAPIR, SHOWING THE WHITISH MARKINGS ROUND THE LIPS AND THE BARE, LIGHT PATCHES ABOVE THE TOES.

[Continued.]

is now regarded as the same as Baird's; and a species which had a variety of popular names such as the Mountain, Andean, Woolly, Hairy or Roulin's Tapir and which was known (very slightly) to science as *Tapirus roulini*. The London Zoo was believed in 1878 to have a specimen of this Mountain Tapir in captivity; but as the result of the autopsy which followed its death, Dr. Sclater established beyond question in 1885 that this animal had been a South American Tapir (*T. terrestris* or *americanus*). Very little was known about the Mountain Tapir, and therefore the specimen which we illustrate and which is now in the Bronx Zoo, is of especial interest as adding greatly to scientific knowledge and being in all probability the first to be exhibited in captivity. This specimen is a young female, called "Panchita" and is described by Mr. Lee S. Crandall, the General Curator of the Bronx Zoo, as follows: "Her body is clothed with dense, matted hair, blackish-brown in colour, while her head to its junction with the neck is of a paler hue. Individual

[Continued opposite.]

(RIGHT.) THE HIND-QUARTERS OF "PANCHITA," THE MOUNTAIN, OR WOOLLY, TAPIR, NOW IN THE BRONX ZOO. THE BARE PATCHES ON THE RUMP (DIVIDED BY A LINE OF HAIR) ARE SAID TO BE TYPICAL OF THE SPECIES.



(ABOVE.) THE HEAD OF THE MOUNTAIN TAPIR: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE WHITE LIPS, WHITE EAR TUFTS AND THE REMARKABLE CONCAVE PROFILE ABOVE THE SNOUT, UNLIKE THAT OF THE OTHER SPECIES SHOWN.

[Continued.]

hairs from the back are approximately an inch long, most of them with one or two kinks. The white fringe at the ear-tips, present in all tapirs, is especially conspicuous in 'Panchita,' because of the length and density of the hair. Perhaps 'Panchita's' most noticeable colour feature is the broad white band, nearly an inch wide, that extends around both lips. To make the description complete, there is a half-inch ring of bare, whitish skin above the toes all around, the 'face' profile is definitely convex, there is no crest between the ears and no hairy mane upon the nape. Also, the eyes are pale brown—not blue, as often stated. Finally, her weight, at the reputed age of two-and-one-half years, was 223 lb." She was found living as a village pet in a hamlet called Borja, 60 miles east of Quito, in Ecuador, at a height of 6000 ft. and was reputed to have been caught higher up the Andean Range when in her striped and spotted infancy. Early authors have suggested that the bare patches on the rump are caused by the animals slithering down the mountain-sides. The species is known to exist in Colombia as well as Ecuador.

THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

MIDAS MAUGHAM.

By ALAN DENT.

AS I watched Mr. Emyln Williams the other evening brilliantly impersonating Dickens reading his own Christmas story of "Chops the Dwarf," a phrase leapt out at me—like a spark from a blazing fire—which, like Captain Cuttle, I made a mental "note of" there and then. For it is a phrase which can be made easily applicable to Mr. Somerset Maugham when he occasionally revisits glimpses of our moon after his Mediterranean sun, and makes biting remarks about the drabness and expensiveness of London in particular and about the deplorableness of the whole world in general. It is the circus-manager's remark about Chops the Dwarf: "He had a kind of a grouch against the public—which is a thing familiar in many phenomenones as gets their livin' out of it."

But the moment Mr. Maugham's remarkable head appears on the screen to tell us a little about the latest short stories of his to be filmed, we instantaneously forgive him for all the bitter things he is represented as having said about us, and credit them with being misrepresentations. For Mr. Maugham in his face blends world-wisdom and world-weariness in a way which suggests that even if he could be petty and unfair, he would be petty and unfair in the manner of some such Roman Emperor as Septimius Severus, the one who (Lemprière tells us) "loved the appellation of a man of letters, and even composed a history of his own reign, which some have praised for its correctness and veracity."

The new film, "Encore," is made up of three short stories, and it is beyond all question quite as successful as the previous films of the same sort called "Quartet" and "Trio." The surest sign that this is a wholly successful film lies in the fact that reliable critics can be found to champion each of the three stories above the other two. Some like best "Winter Cruise," in which Miss Kay Walsh quite dazzlingly refrains from overplaying the old maid who has a remarkable experience as the single female passenger on a trip between Trinidad and Europe. Some prefer "Gigolo and Gigolette," in which Miss Glynis Johns and Mr. Terence Morgan persuasively give us a night-club high-diver

The only one of these three new film-stories I have been able to compare with the original is "Winter Cruise," and here I am at once struck by the wise fidelity with which the director and scriptwriter have followed that original. It does not matter at all that the ship was a German one to begin with.



A SCENE FROM "GIGOLO AND GIGOLETTE," THE THIRD STORY IN THE FILM "ENCORE": SYD COTMAN (TERENCE MORGAN) REMOVES STELLA'S (GLYNIS JOHNS) SLIPPERS AS SHE PREPARES FOR HER DIVE INTO A TANK OF WATER, 5 FT. DEEP, FROM A BOARD 80 FT. ABOVE THE TERRACE OF THE RITZ HOTEL IN MONTE CARLO.

"Encore," produced by Antony Darnborough and distributed by General Film Distributors, is the third film in a series of short stories by W. Somerset Maugham, the previous films being "Quartet" and "Trio." "Encore," which is reviewed on this page, brings to the screen the well-loved personalities of Tom Ramsey, the irrepressible playboy of "The Ant and the Grasshopper," Miss Reid, the talkative career-woman of that eventful "Winter Cruise," and Stella Cotman, the pathetic young wife of "Gigolo and Gigolette."

this particular story "to change the nationality of various characters that take part in it to avoid affronting those who are persuaded that all the nationals of a country with which we have been at war are equally hateful." The film-adapters have thought it advisable, if not necessary, to change the nationality of the characters as indicated. But their motive has obviously been dramatic and not at all political; and the cosmopolitan flavour of the film only helps, to heighten the story's piquancy.

It is no less interesting, in this same story, to note a good example of the film-maker failing to do what the novelist finds easy to do (granted he is a good enough novelist!). No one is more deeply bored by Miss Reid than the ship's doctor (played by Mr. Squire). He is bored with a profundity which amounts almost to terror. There is an episode—faithfully followed in the film—in which Miss Reid comes on deck and sits beside the doctor, who is nursing a physical pain of his own. She lends him her special pillow, "always such a comfort." He cannot evade either the pain or the bore: "She left him, but in a minute or two returned with a chair and a bag. The doctor when he saw her gave a twitch of anguish." No actor on the screen knows better how to give a twitch of anguish than Mr. Squire. He can make his eye gleam with terror and his jaw tremble with tedium. This film proves, too, that Miss Walsh has a rare gift for presenting an old maid perfectly unfussed in herself yet fussing everybody into thoughts of plunging overboard. Yet it is quite impossible for either player to convey the story's subtle undercurrent here, or to reveal how Miss Reid solaced and soothed the doctor in spite of his passionate aversion to that tongue that had momentarily ceased from clacking. One quotes again, not only to make the point, but to show with what a brilliant simplicity Mr. Maugham can make his own point on the printed page: "She began busily to ply her needles. She never said a word. And strangely enough the doctor found her company a solace. No one else on board had even noticed that he was ill; he had felt lonely, and the sympathy of that crashing bore was grateful to him. It soothed him to see her silently working and presently he fell asleep. When he awoke she was still working. She gave him a little smile, but did not speak. His pain had left him and he felt much better." The film here can give us nothing but a man pretending to sleep to avoid a bore. But only in this tiny instance does it fail.

And so now we have simultaneously the spectacle of Mr. Maugham reprinting all his short



A SCENE FROM "WINTER CRUISE," THE SECOND STORY IN "ENCORE": MISS REID (KAY WALSH) DUBS THE SHIP'S DOCTOR (RONALD SQUIRE) THE EMILY BRONTË OF THE SHIP'S COMPANY, WHILE THE CAPTAIN (NOEL PURCELL), THE STEWARD, PIERRE (JACQUES FRANÇOIS), THE ENGINEER (JOHN LAURIE) AND THE MATE (JOHN HORSLEY) ARE DUMBFOUNDED BY THIS ASTOUNDING STATEMENT.

whose nerve snaps and the uncertain young man who is her husband. And at least one good critic likes best "The Ant and the Grasshopper," in which Mr. Roland Culver and Mr. Nigel Patrick are well cast as a canny rich brother and a scapegrace poor one—though to the dramatic—as distinct from the film-critic this tale may seem no more than a witty variant of St. John Hankin's comedy, "The Return of the Prodigal." There is, though, more or less a consensus of opinion that "Winter Cruise" is the most agreeable part of "Encore" (that is, it receives more chuckles than the rest) and that "Gigolo and Gigolette" is the most dramatic and exciting (that is, it is watched with the greatest intensity).

In the film the ship is English and the captain is as Irish, the doctor as English, the first mate as Scottish, and the steward (ordered to make love to the chattering passenger) as French as Messrs. Noel Purcell, Ronald Squire, John Laurie and Jacques François can respectively make them.

It is interesting to note that "Winter Cruise" was written apparently even earlier than 1914. For Mr. Maugham, reprinting it in the volume called "Creatures of Circumstance," says in his introduction that he has not thought it necessary in the case of



A SCENE FROM "THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER," ONE OF THE THREE SHORT STORIES BY W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM WHICH HAVE BEEN FILMED UNDER THE TITLE "ENCORE": GEORGE RAMSEY (ROLAND CULVER) TRIES TO BLOCK THE VIEW OF MR. BATEMAN (CHARLES VICTOR), THE INTENDING PURCHASER OF HIS HOUSE, WHEN HIS REPROBATE BROTHER, TOM RAMSEY (NIGEL PATRICK), APPEARS AT THE WINDOW DRESSED AS A WINDOW CLEANER.

stories in three fat volumes, and sanctioning films made out of some few of these short stories, each one of the films contriving to be just a shade better than the last. He touches nothing which does not flourish and turn golden. It would be a sad and solemn thing if he were quite genuinely and bitterly to regard so much gold as so much dust and ashes.

STRANGE AND NEW BUILDINGS; AND CURRENT EVENTS IN PHOTOGRAPHS.



A MODERN DWELLING, A WATER-TOWER AND AN EVOCATION OF THE LAND OF FAIRY-TALES.

This tall house is not only a water-tower, but is also a modern residence, with four bedrooms, kitchen and living-room, lit by electricity and equipped with every modern convenience. It stands in the small Suffolk village of Thorpeness.



NOT A DOVE-COTE—NOR A WATER-TOWER—BUT THE NEW PHOTO-FINISH STAND AT KEMPTON PARK RACE-COURSE.

This strange circular building—not inappropriately crowned with a wind-vane and the figure of Justice—is the new photo-finish stand erected at Kempton Park. It was used for the first time on November 21, and our photograph shows the finish of the first race.



NOT A CAMPANILE—NOR A WATER-TOWER—BUT A STILL RISING OFFICE BUILDING AT AMIENS, IN FRANCE.

This tall building, photographed in course of construction at Amiens, is growing like a plant—out of itself—and, it is stated, will be thirty stories high when completed—in other words, nearly twice as high as it now appears.



IN THE LIVING TRADITION OF SCOTLAND: A MODERN SET OF SCOTTISH WEAPONS AND ACCOUTREMENTS MADE IN LIGNUM VITÆ, SILVER AND OLIVE-GREEN LEATHER.

This set, an example of modern craftsmanship in traditional styles, created a great deal of interest at the Edinburgh Festival. It was made by Messrs. Hamilton and Inches, Edinburgh, and comprises a dirk with scabbard, a skeep dhu, sporran, sporran belt, shoe-buckles and plaid brooch.



FIRE-PROOF, VERMIN-PROOF, SHOCK AND EARTHQUAKE RESISTANT: A CONCRETE BUILDING USED AS A WORKSHOP BY THE DEPARTMENT OF SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL RESEARCH AT BARNET, HERTS.

At the Research centre of the Department of the Scientific and Industrial Research at Barnet, methods of speeding and improving building techniques are constantly tested. The building shown—a Ctesiphon building—has been used in many parts of the world. It is of very simple corrugated concrete construction and can be made to any length and assembled by mainly unskilled labour. The example shown is 60 ft. by 120 ft., and is being currently used as a workshop.



ON PARADE WITH THE LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS AT AQABA, JORDAN: "MINNIE," THE REGIMENT'S PONY MASCOT, WHO RECENTLY DIED IN THE CANAL ZONE AFTER SEVEN YEARS' SERVICE.

The Union Flag at Moascar Garrison, in the Canal Zone of Egypt, was lowered to half-mast on November 9, to mark the death of the Lancashire Fusiliers' mascot, a seven-year-old pony called "Minnie." "Minnie" was born under fire in Burma, and was named after the code-name of a mortar position; and has since served continuously with the regiment until her death of pneumonia in Egypt on November 7.



IN THE FRENCH ZONE OF GERMANY: THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR GRIMACES AS THE DUKE SHOTS AT A HIGH-FLYING PHEASANT.

While the Duke and Duchess of Windsor were recently the guests of the Comte and Comtesse de Beaumont in the French Zone of Germany, the Duke took part in a pheasant shoot and the photographer caught the Duchess at a moment with which most sportsmen's wives will sympathise.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. THE AMATEUR PAINTER.

By FRANK DAVIS.

in water-colour shows the innocent and quiet mind." A tepid and spinsterish dictum, with more than a hint of condescension. Let Churchill speak in resonant phrases! "Just to paint is great fun. The colours are lovely to look at and delicious to squeeze out. Matching them, however crudely, with what you see is fascinating and absolutely absorbing. Try it if you have not done so—before you die. . . . One begins to see that painting a picture is like fighting a battle; and trying to paint a picture is, I suppose, like trying to fight a battle. It is, if anything, more exciting than fighting successfully. But the principle

humble tribute to the Muse of Painting. It is a restatement of a philosophy which gave the world, over many centuries, some of its most delicate masterpieces, for, among all the innumerable painters delighting mankind in the past, who of them were by temperament and by deliberate choice the most fastidiously, incorrigibly and unrepentantly amateurish? There is one answer, the Chinese, who thought that a gentleman scarcely deserved the name unless he were at once poet and painter, and indeed hardly discerned any difference between the two.

NOTABLE EXHIBITS AT THE ARMY ART SOCIETY SHOW.



"WINSTON CHURCHILL LEAVING EL ALOUIMA, TUNISIA, FOR MARRAKESH AFTER HIS ILLNESS"; BY MARSHAL OF THE R.A.F. LORD TEDDER. (WATER-COLOUR.)

The Army Art Society held their twentieth exhibition at the Imperial Gallery of Art, Imperial Institute, from November 14-29. All ranks of the Army and Royal Marines are eligible for membership, and all ranks of the Royal Navy, the Royal Air Force and the Women's Services may also submit works, so the exhibitors include Admirals, Field Marshals and Air Marshals, as well as private soldiers, naval ratings and airmen. Sir Gerald Kelly, President of the Royal Academy, opened the exhibition, at which the standard of works on view was high.

is the same. . . . I think this heightened sense of observation of Nature is one of the chief delights that have come to me through trying to paint."

Thus writes a MAN, and though this last sentence that I have quoted may seem obvious enough, it is none the less profound. It is something more than a

I met a man once who showed me a delicious painting of bamboos bending in the wind. When I asked him where he had found so beautiful and sensitive a thing, he replied that he had been to dine with a Chinese General, and that his host had painted it for him there and then. The point is not that generals can paint—and corporals and sergeant-majors, too—and, of course, Prime Ministers—but that social custom took it as a natural and gracious gesture on the part of the host that he should bestow upon the guest so personal and symbolic a souvenir of their meeting. (The bamboo is a symbol of strength in adversity—it bends, but never breaks, and so forth.) It occurred to me as I wrote that the host may have intended to express as delicately as possible his own fortitude and patience in entertaining an importunate Westerner. (Or would that be more than Oriental subtlety?) But away with wicked thoughts, they



"KENMARE RIVER—KERRY"; BY AIR VICE-MARSHAL B. SPACKMAN, AN OIL-PAINTING.



"SNOW IN GRAUBUNDEN"; BY FIELD MARSHAL SIR CLAUDE AUCHINLECK, A LANDSCAPE IN OILS.

menfolk regarded such amusements as purely feminine, both men and women have now discovered the delights of painting for its own sake, and splash pigment on canvas not because they are told to, but because they want to—and in this is much virtue.

It was Dr. Johnson who announced pontifically that no man but a fool wrote except for money, but then he was a professional. The amateur knows better and what goes for literature goes for the other arts too. There are, of course, dangers in all this; the earnest amateur can become so stuffed with his own achievements as to be a source of embarrassment to his well-wishers. It is as well to begin with the words of Artemus Ward pinned up over the mantelpiece:

"I can't sing. As a singist I am not a success. I am saddest when I sing. So are those who hear me. They are sadder even than I am."

For sing, read paint, act, play the trombone, as required. Then, having in this way deflated the ego, take heart of grace and follow the advice of the most distinguished of all living amateurs, Mr. Winston Churchill, who, in the delightful little book, "Painting as a Pastime," recommends Audacity—"The sickly inhibitions rolled away. I seized the largest brush and fell upon my victim with Berserk fury. I have never felt any awe of a canvas since." This vigorous attack upon the awe-inspiring blank canvas—and there must be few who are not aware of the triumphant result in Mr. Churchill's case—does in fact mark the distinction between the ambitions of the amateur of this generation and those of the past. I think R. L. Stevenson summed up the ideas of his day neatly and smugly when he wrote: "A little amateur painting



"OTTERS' HEADS"; BY CADET J. BAINES, A REMARKABLE WORK BY AN ARTIST AGED FOURTEEN YEARS.

are out of place in so absorbing and innocent a pursuit.

I have just now switched on the light and am conscious of one among many unfulfilled ambitions. On a cabinet is a vase full of the delicate, silvery-gold seed-pods of the plant we call honesty, and the French more poetically *monnaie du Pape*—it is enchanting against an apricot-coloured wall, and seems to me to be unpaintable. Some day I may dare to make the attempt. Yet others more courageous have been successful in dealing with other subjects equally hopeless. I am thinking particularly of one of my acquaintances who earns his living in a very humble capacity in a steelworks. He has been for years fascinated by the spectacle of molten metal pouring from a furnace, and the strange unearthly glow and sparkle of the whole complicated operation of steel-making. Time and again he has tried to interpret this spectacle in water-colour, and time and again he has failed; either his drawing was faulty or his lighting was false, or the picture looked as if it had been knitted in wool. I am sure every amateur and many professionals will sympathise. Then one day he pulled it off, and has been a happy man ever since. So have I, for it hangs in front of me as I write, all green and orange and intense white, and dark shadows—no, not a masterpiece, but indubitably a triumph. And looking at it I made a resolution—no, not yet to paint the sprays of honesty, for I have not yet passed the Artemus Ward stage of diffidence, but to make an effort to go carefully round the Army Amateur Exhibition before it closed, and choose me the right sort of General to dine with.



THE RECONSTRUCTION OF GRAY'S INN: A ROYAL REOPENING OF THE NEWLY-RESTORED GREAT HALL.



THE COMPLETION OF THE RESTORATION OF THE GREAT HALL, GRAY'S INN: (ABOVE) THE GREAT HALL AS SEEN FROM SOUTH SQUARE; AND (RIGHT) THE U.S. COAT OF ARMS IN THE NEW WINDOW.



SHOWING THE ARMORIAL GLASS, WHICH WAS SAFELY STORED DURING THE WAR, AND THE BRONZE CANDELABRA OF AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY PATTERN WHICH REPLACE THE CUMBERSOME VICTORIAN PENDANTS BY WHICH THE HALL WAS PREVIOUSLY LIGHTED: A VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE GREAT HALL, GRAY'S INN.



ONCE MORE IN POSITION IN THE GREAT HALL: THE ELABORATELY CARVED OAK SCREEN WHICH WAS DISMANTLED DURING THE WAR AND ESCAPED BOMB DAMAGE.



FOLLOWING THE DESIGN AND CONSTRUCTION OF THE ORIGINAL ROOF: THE NEW HAMMERBEAM ROOF OF THE GREAT HALL, BUILT OF WELL-SEASONED OAK.

It was recently announced that H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, a Bencher of the Inn, will reopen the Great Hall of Gray's Inn on December 5, thus marking the completion of the first stage in the reconstruction of Gray's Inn. The Great Hall was burnt out in an air raid in May, 1941, only the outer walls being left standing. The open hammerbeam roof was destroyed, but the elaborately carved oak screen, which had been dismantled, was saved and has been re-erected, and the armorial glass, which was stored during the

war, has been replaced. A new bay window overlooking South Square has been built to improve the lighting, and this balances the original bay window overlooking Gray's Inn Square. It has the United States' coat of arms in the centre panel to commemorate the fact that the cost of providing the new window has been borne by the American Bar Association. The architect for the reconstruction is Mr. Edward Maufe, who has provided in the basement of the Hall a number of rooms in place of the original large cellar.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

IT is not often that the reader has to choose between a trifle perfectly turned out and a superb conception slightly muffed in the handling; because one rarely meets either the perfect knack, or the superb theme. Yet as they do occur they may, exceptionally, come together, and we have an instance this week.

"Lise Lillywhite," by Margery Sharp (Collins; 10s. 6d.), is neither here nor there; it is a mere confection of a story. After the war, and after half a century in France, Charles Lillywhite repatriates himself with an unmarried daughter and an orphan grandchild. Lise has been beautifully educated on archaic lines; she is, in fact, the product of an artificial *vie de château*. And now the time has come for her to marry—but to marry whom? It ought to be a Grand Duke; she ought to civilise a province, to protect the arts, to live in all contemporary memoirs as a social influence. That is old Charles's view. But here they are in Paddington, with no acquaintances and almost no money. What will become of Lise in Paddington?

Tante Amélie is undismayed. Where Lise's interests are concerned, she is completely unscrupulous; and she has not her charge's nicety of judgment. She will find someone—and Lise will naturally take him. A well-bred, dutiful *jeune fille* accepts the husband who is set before her.

In this belief she has two shots, landing successively a titled half-wit and a wealthy spiv. The spiv had once a castle in Poland, and he has still an aunt of sixteen quarterings. Which is not bad for Paddington, but not agreeable to Lise. Quietly, with no rebellious airs, the lily maid decides to act for herself. She has already "changed eyes" with a suitor who adores her fatuously, who is respectable and solvent, and—if Tante Amélie has any voice—predestined to be thrown out. There lies the possibility of heartbreak. For though Lise can present her suitor, she could never bring herself to run away with him. The love-affair is really charming; so is the heroine. Indeed, it is a charming story altogether—light, gay and exquisitely limpid. One may not believe much of it on second thoughts, but there is no occasion for second thoughts.

With "World Enough and Time," by Robert Penn Warren (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 15s.), we enter the domain of greatness, though it misses being a great book.

The author found his inspiration in a *cause célèbre* of 1826: the trial of a young man named Beauchamp for the murder of Colonel Sharp, a former love of his wife and a political opponent. The story made a great impression at the time, and reappeared in sundry ballads, novels and romantic dramas. To mark this as a free, creative rendering, even the names are slightly altered, Beauchamp into Beaumont, and Sharp to Fort. The "source" is Beaumont's apologia composed in gaol, and liberally quoted in the novel, but completely fictitious. Meanwhile the bare events, the setting, which was Frankfort, Kentucky, and the political and social background are preserved intact.

Now for the splendour of the theme, which may be hard to convey, and which I have not space to convey justly. Beaumont kills Fort, his friend and patron, for the love of Rachel; that is the specious truth. The true truth is that he becomes attached to Rachel for the sake of killing Fort. This fatherly protector has seduced a strange girl, a girl whom he has never met nor thought of. Promptly he seeks her out, devotes his being to her, and jockeys her into demanding the seducer's blood. Yet not from any grudge against his benefactor, whom he loved and admired. His motive-force is the Idea; he is in quest of a heroic action, out of this world.

For as a boy, growing up in poverty in the Kentucky wilds, he felt the world to be against him, and he also judged it to be ignoble. Feeding his soul on books, on Roman heroes and Byronic attitudes: despondent of success in life, therefore unwilling to compete for it—and anyhow, despising its rewards—he has evolved this better way, this high, gratuitous romance. And Rachel has allowed herself to be dragged in, partly for want of strength, partly from fellow-feeling. Rachel is tarred with the same brush. This novel is historical in the profoundest sense; it springs direct out of the *Zeitgeist*. It has a rich and vital background. No implications, psychological or moral, and no dramatic possibilities are overlooked. Only the style, pretentious and prolix, is unworthy of it.

"My Son is Mortal," by Ethel Vance (Collins; 10s. 6d.), offers not power nor sweetness, but sophistication and skill. Celia Thorne, a capable, attractive widow, is tormented about her son. What she suspects of him is never mentioned outright, and would remain a puzzle to the innocent. However, she has taken him to Italy as a distraction. There she encounters Wilfred Fofiot, a well-known writer and an old friend, who has a villa near Amalfi and invites them to come and stay. Celia is overjoyed, for Evan's sake; it strikes her that a much older man, calm, sensible, discreetly selfish, may be just the thing for him. Whereas in fact the villa is the lion's den. In spite of Wilfred's eminence, apparently, there have been no rumours; and Celia, though hypersensitive upon the point, and well acquainted with him, has had no idea. Nor does she get it till the very last. The scenes are picturesque and firm, the climax is dramatic. But what we are to think of Celia I can't make out.

In "Murder on the Square," by David Frome (Robert Hale; 9s. 6d.), poor Mr. Pinkerton, the grey little Welsh rabbit, is entangled with a family skeleton. He has a flat at 4, Godolphin Square. So have the Winships—the formidable Caroline, her ailing sister Mrs. Scott Winship, and her niece Mary. The late Mr. Scott Winship, if late he is, sold an unknown Vermeer, his only asset, and absconded, deserting his wife and child. Since then their house across the square has been bombed, and Caroline sits all day glowering at the ruin.

This cheerful set-up is disturbed by a young American, who lost his heart to Mary in an air-raid shelter six years ago. Purely by chance, he gives the signal for a crime-wave; and Mr. Pinkerton, of course, has to become involved and get in the Inspector's hair. Everything is neatly and dramatically sorted out at the end, but till then it has been a welter of sensations, which I found trying.—K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A GREAT COURTIER.

RECENTLY, I had occasion in this column to deplore the publication of the Duke of Windsor's memoirs on the grounds that, while they are naturally of immense interest to the historian, they do little to increase the stature of the Duke himself or the prestige of the monarchy. I have heard "Recollections of Three Reigns," by Sir Frederick Ponsonby (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 25s.), criticised on the grounds that the recollections of this great courtier (in the best sense of the word) do something to diminish the legend of Queen Victoria. In this case, I believe this criticism to be wide of the mark. "Fritz" Ponsonby served three Monarchs—Queen Victoria, King Edward VII. and King George V. He served them with conspicuous devotion and, as Mr. Colin Welch says in his Introduction, he was "a courtier to his finger-tips. He took great pride in his

profession, and had no patience with those who dismissed it with a sneer or regarded it as mere sycophancy." The picture he draws of Queen Victoria, so far from being in any way disrespectful, shows the Queen to have been a very great woman indeed. The pictures he draws of King Edward VII. and King George V. cannot but enhance the status of both monarchs, each so remarkable in very widely differing ways. Sir Frederick's memoirs are written lightly enough, but his lightness of touch is the urbanity of a man of the world concealing a seriousness of outlook and purpose behind a smiling exterior. There is little in Sir Frederick's book which deals directly or at length with the many political crises which must in the normal course of events have passed through the despatch-boxes of a Palace official. Very often, however, the marginalia of history provide the best and most vivid clues to those who come after. Ponsonby's book, therefore, provides one of the most helpful background pictures to the social and political history of the long forty years during which he was in the service of the Royal family, that I have read. Of the three sovereigns whom he served, it is clear that his greatest veneration and affection was reserved for King Edward VII., who emerges as not merely one of the most lovable of kings that have ever sat on the throne of this country, but one of the most brilliant and far-sighted diplomatists and statesmen which this country has ever had the privilege of having at the head of its affairs. King Edward must indeed have been a delightful person—as delightful as Queen Alexandra, who emerges from Ponsonby's pages in all the freshness of her wonderful charm. Queen Alexandra's unpunctuality must have been a great trial to King Edward, that martinet as far as questions of etiquette or protocol were concerned. But it is easy to see, on reading this book, why she was beloved of all who ever came in contact with her. Incidentally, there is an amusing story of King Edward's remarkable flair for the minutiae of protocol. When he was still Prince of Wales, *The Illustrated London News* asked for a sitting for the famous French artist Benjamin-Constant to paint Queen Victoria. This was at the direct request of the Prince of Wales. When he became King he bought the picture from *The Illustrated London News*, but was much put out because the colour of the Garter riband in the picture was light blue instead of deep blue. The King told Sir Arthur Ellis to send a piece of the riband to the artist, but as it was simpler, Ellis sent him a whole Garter riband, which arrived, for some reason, before the letter. Benjamin-Constant jumped to the conclusion that he had had the Order of the Garter conferred on him, and indeed, when the mistake was made clear to him, was so annoyed at the King's request that the colour of the riband should be changed that he absolutely refused to make any alteration. A charming book and a most notable addition to the history of the period.

King Edward's eye for detail with regard to the armed forces would have led him to appreciate "Brassey's Annual," the handbook of the armed forces, edited by Rear-Admiral H. G. Thursfield (Clowes; 50s.). This most important text-book provides information of the utmost interest, not merely for Service "high-ups," but for the ordinary citizen who is interested in the relative strengths and weaknesses of the United Nations and the Soviet world. If I had to select a chapter for special commendation, it would be that on "The Soviet and Western Strategy," by Jules Menken. I have seldom read anything more clear and more interesting.

When I first took over this column a couple of years ago, I commended Ylla's magnificent book of photographs of dogs. I am now in the happy position of being able to recommend equally heartily her "Beasts" (Harvill Press; 36s.). These pictures are not merely technically remarkable, brilliant in the skill with which the photographer has caught the special angles of her by no means easy subjects, but they achieve a very real beauty of their own. Parallel with this, I must commend another book from the Harvill Press. This is "Paris Enchanted" (63s.), with photographs by Izis Bidermanas, and autographed texts by close on fifty leading French writers. To try and translate the excellence of this publication into terms of printed words is virtually impossible. I can only recommend my readers to look at the book for themselves.

I remember an old friend once telling me that when he was at Oxford he used quite ruthlessly to annex the milk supply of a shy and retiring fellow-undergraduate on his staircase of the name of Spilsbury. As he said to me afterwards: "I am very glad that I never had occasion to murder my wife by poisoning her, as Spilsbury might have remembered these indignities, and he certainly would have found me out!" In the long course of his official career this first and greatest of the medical detectives was connected with virtually all the famous murder cases of our time. Many of them, such as, for example, the "Brides in the Bath," or the Crumbles murder, have faded from the public eye, but Spilsbury's achievements in the field of forensic medicine will not soon be forgotten. "Bernard Spilsbury—His Life and Cases," by Douglas G. Browne and E. V. Tullett (Harrap; 21s.), is a fascinating account of a man who appeared completely to lack colour in his personality, but whose official career was always associated with high drama.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

UP and down the country, thousands of enthusiasts play league chess; with more or less pleasure but, I am not afraid to conjecture, with perpetual dissatisfaction over adjudications.

The trouble is that by the time the average individual, who has to earn his daily bread, has made his way home from work (as suburbs splay out, the journeys progressively extend), had a wash and brush-up, glanced through the evening paper and eaten, he finds the hour of seven drawing uncomfortably near. Seven p.m. is the earliest a secretary can normally get his players together for a match. By ten, or very soon after, the away team wants to be leaving, so a decision has to be arrived at within the space of three hours—and for a game of good chess, three hours is rarely enough.

At more than twenty-four moves per hour, the quality of play deteriorates. That means twenty-four moves per player; nearly two hours may have elapsed before the twenty-fourth move of the actual game is made. To confine a session to three hours is to confine the play to thirty-six moves, at which point the game may have reached the apex of its tension and charm.

Some seasons ago, the London League decided that games not decided the first evening should be resumed in a subsequent session. It was a wise decision and has, by common consent, enhanced the general standard of play. Most of the other Leagues still resort to the out-of-date practice of adjudication, the position reached in each unfinished game being noted on a diagram which is sent to a strong player for his verdict "Who do you think would win?"

The biggest defect of the adjudication system lies in the disparity in strength between player and adjudicator. Whoever has the move in chess has a momentary advantage which is exploited far more efficiently by a master than by a beginner. I have watched games by poor players in which every move in turn, by either player, in effect handed away the game. White has a fine position, say, but makes a move which, if properly punished by his opponent, would lose. But no, Black overlooks his chance and, moreover, makes a move so weak that all the chances now rest with his opponent. (I am not disparaging their efforts; we need not be Channel swimmers to revel in our dip in the sea. But there it is—we are not Channel swimmers!) The game, at some arbitrary moment, is stopped and the position reached submitted to somebody in a class so remote from either player that he could take on both of them and twenty of their colleagues simultaneously and possibly beat the lot. It stands to reason that the next move he finds will almost invariably be better than either could have found for himself. So that far more important than any move White has made throughout the game may be—not to make a move at all near adjudication time, but leave the job to more capable hands!

One match, a few years ago, failed to produce a single completed game in the one session. All ten games went to the veteran Mieses for adjudication. "This is not Battersea v. National Liberals," he growled. "It's Mieses v. Mieses!"

It is evening play which causes the trouble. Saturdays are not available for League games as a rule, because they have become the prerogative of county matches; and anyway, there are not enough Saturdays in the season to complete most league programmes. Sunday play always arouses opposition. Until the rest of the Leagues follow London's example and allot a provisional second session for each match, there seems no escape for them from the bugbear of adjudications.

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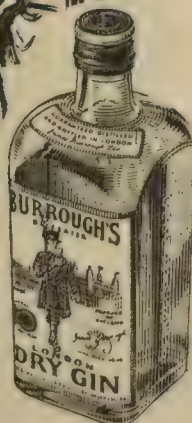
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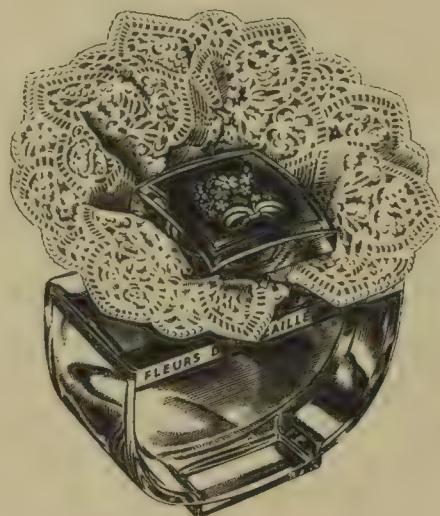
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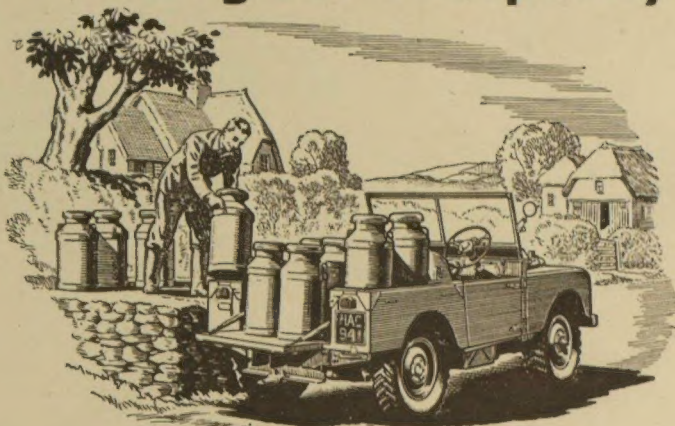
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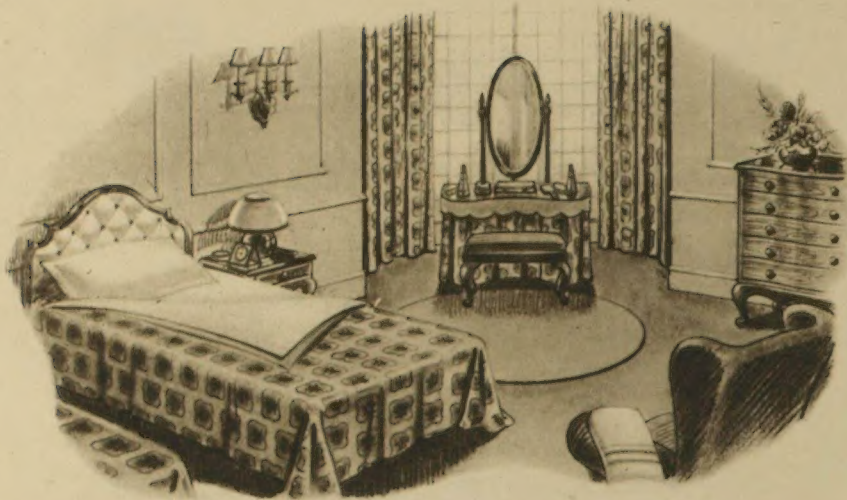
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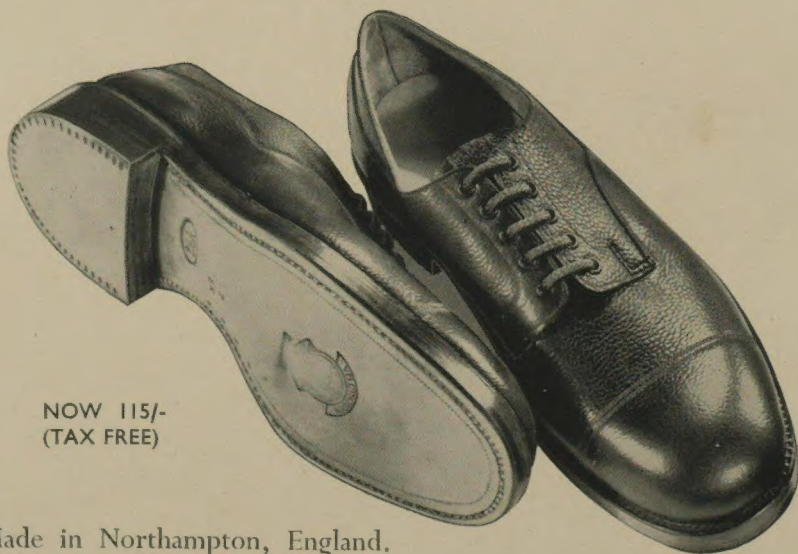
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